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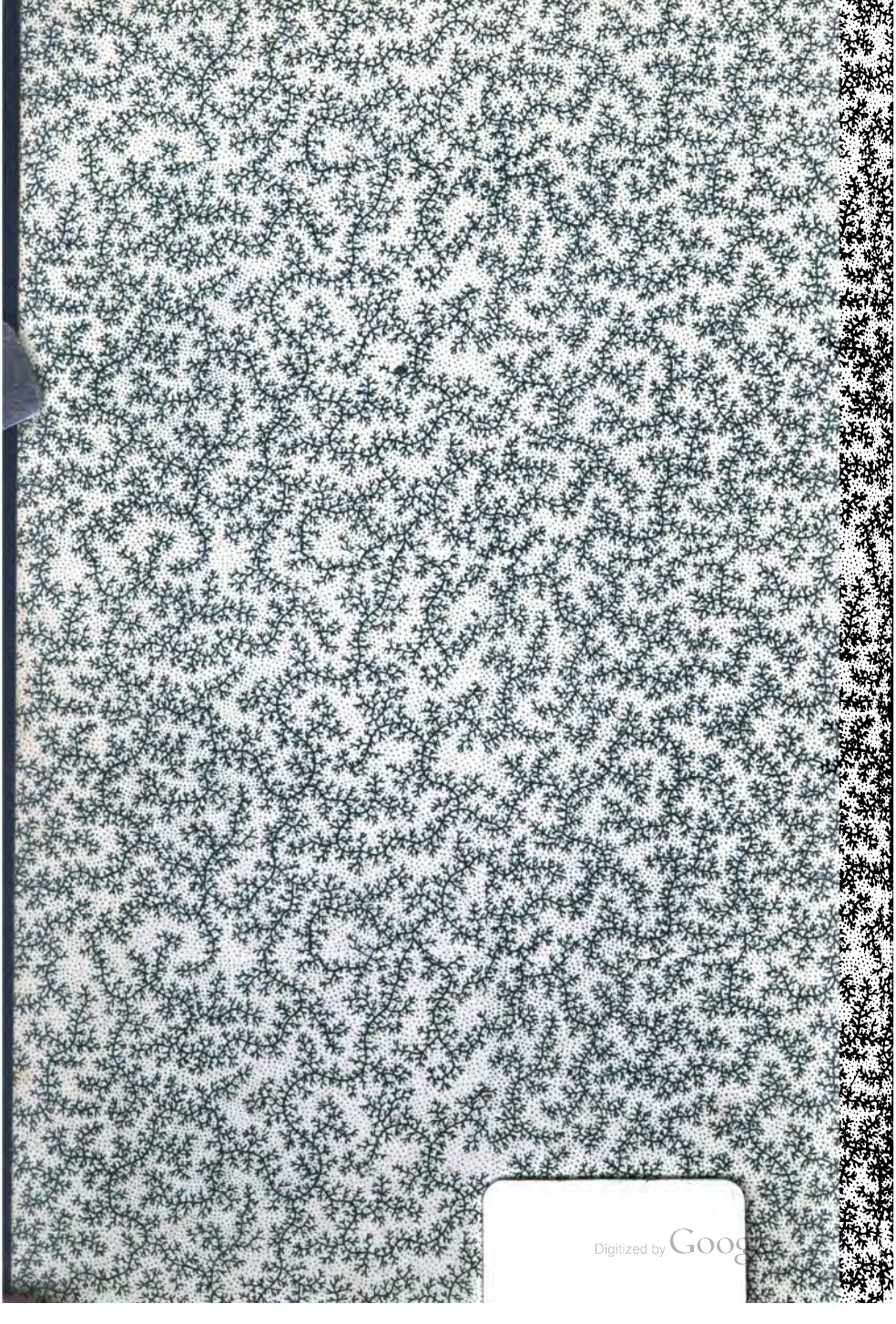
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MISSIONARY
MEMORIALS







5

C. S. Greene.



Ann H. Judson

ANN H. JUDSON.

A Memorial.

By WALTER N. WYETH, D.D.,

Associate Editor, Journal and Messenger, Cincinnati, O.

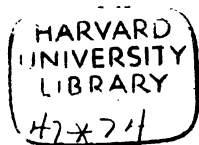
*"She appears on the page of missionary history as an
illuminated initial letter."*

B. J. LOSSING.

CINCINNATI, O.:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1888.



Dedication.

TO THE
WOMEN'S MISSIONARY CIRCLES
OF THE UNITED STATES.

Very Sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

Electrotyped, Printed and Bound by
THE ALDINE PRINTING WORKS,
No. 248 Walnut Street,
CINCINNATI.

Entered according to Act of Congress,
in the year 1888, by W. N. WYETH,
in the Office of the Librarian of
Congress, at Washington.

Prefatory Note.

THIS book is not an original conception of the author's.

It was first suggested by a noble missionary secretary, Rev. S. M. Stimson, D.D., whose heart has yearned, for years, for a more general diffusion of our missionary literature. The present generation know but little concerning the early characters and the heroic endeavors that laid the foundation of our present system of foreign missions. Excellent biographies and tributes have been allowed to go out of print, and it is believed that their reproduction will greatly aid in promoting the later literature of missions, increase the missionary spirit, and be a timely help in bringing in the "missionary era" which is believed to be just at hand.

The work, as projected, contemplates the rewriting of matter heretofore presented, changing the style to the more direct narrative, reducing its dimensions without eliminating any facts and adding whatever has appeared in recent times that is calculated further to illustrate or impress the life of the subject upon the minds of Christians, especially young Christians, of the present day.

Not to debar criticism, but to promote the beneficent end for which this writing was intended, the author asks

PREFATORY NOTE.

that, as its merits may justify, the religious press and public aid in giving it a wide circulation. At his expense alone, it is offered at fully one-third less than book prices ; and he hopes that, if circumstances favor, a series of missionary biographies will be the outcome—all to be sold at an equally low rate.

By some painstaking the memory of Harriet Newell is herein revived. Mrs. Newell, called the "proto-martyr" of foreign missions, was Mrs. Judson's only female companion in her first voyage to the East, and they were the first American women to step on India's shore in a missionary undertaking. The picture of Mrs. Newell, and the touching references made in the text, will serve to keep her memory fresh, and thus gratify a large number who covet and cherish missionary reminiscences.

Trusting that the reader will derive such pleasure in its perusal as the author has had in its preparation, the book is offered as a bit of incense on the missionary altar.

W. N. W.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 8, 1888,

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ANN H. JUDSON.

I

Bradford.

Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell.

S. F. SMITH.

Stream of my fathers! Sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill,
Pour slantwise down the long defile ;
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.

WHITTIER.—“*The Merrimac.*”

IN the north-east part of Massachusetts, thirty-two miles north from Boston, is the village of Bradford. Its importance among the towns and cities of the state, which may be classified according to their facturing and commercial interests on the one part, and their attractiveness as homes for contented people on the other, is quite small. It is the complement of Haverhill, a city of some magnitude and prominence, which draws away its vitality but repays it in adornment. The Merrimac river flows between, and from its margin the slope is gentle and handsome, inviting the plow, in the early times, to turn the glebe to its very edge.

The years of this village have been many. It dates back to the early days of the Old Commonwealth,

before the sword of the Revolution was drawn, and it has passed, therefore, through all the stages of development and decay, and redevelopment incident to the history of towns of great age. And though noted for nothing of civil importance, it will have a place in the revealments of the Day of Account, and will have a credit surprising to the children of this world. Here is located the typical New England Academy, and within its "shades" the youth of many generations have passed through a formative process, some to honor the homes from which they sprang and to adorn their race; some, also, to be laid in the foundations of human weal, temporal and eternal, on different parts of the globe.

The Merrimac, bordering the village from west to east, is a long and winding stream that favors two states with its presence and profit, and finally lays its full tribute of waters upon the bosom of the Atlantic. It is also a precipitous stream, and wherever it leaps and flashes it contributes pre-eminently to the interests of man. Enterprise has approached its inviting banks, and with its unceasing flow it turns more wheels for the production of comforts for mankind than does any other river in America.

In the town, within the Academy and by the side of this beautiful stream, there began and developed a life that rose above its environments, and, without forecasting or undue ambition for a distinguished personal destiny, was wrought into a drama more intensely interesting, and into a service more highly beneficent than that of any other female in the age in which it appeared. It was the life of a woman—just a woman,

but one on whom not the gods, but God did set His seal to give the world the impress of sanctified Love, the Charity that seeketh not her own. Like the stream beside which she was born, more freakish near its beginning than in its deep flowings farther on, and which unceasingly contributes its volume of fresh water to the acrid sea, she had a career that, having passed from the giddiness of the girl to the gravity of the woman and the grace of the Christian, was an unintermitted flow for the moral purification of defiled humanity. Still, the course of Charity is always through the channel of vexing depravities; it has many checks, likewise, and meets some counter currents that seem to have a similar mission, and when it reaches its object it finds that with its utmost resources it can make only a limited impression upon the unfathomed depths before it. And yet as the river, unconscious of its wealth of power, yields, in its ongoing and through myriad fingers, boundless supplies for human wants, so such a life, while directed to a single end, yields a wealth of example and sacred stimulus that enriches the moral heritage of Earth. In such a case there are many lives in one; the original passes away and the others live on, its "works" following it.

Almost a century has fled since the one was born to whom reference is made; and it is fully time that events had furnished the lessons and illustrations of her life. At birth nothing is known, or can be known, as to the future of the soul ushered in, and whether it takes place in the home of the humble, or in that of the proud, the event happeneth alike to each, and the honor or discredit that reverts is attributable to

the developments of its future. As the subject of this writing approached her youth-time she drew to herself some attention not shared by her associates. On reaching womanhood she had attained a firm Christian character. When her vocation was pointed out to her the channel of her life was at once determined; yet there remained a period of testing ere the minds of an interested nation were inquiringly directed to her. But the time came when her birth was regarded as no common occurrence, her life as no common-place existence, and even the home and the family of her origin as not unworthy of being sought and sketched. Such is the interest that a noble life develops.

Various writers have been employed, with deep and almost reverential interest, in revealing this character to the world. The leading one passed away soon after his memorial was completed, leaving a work of uncommon excellence and acceptance, which, however, has long since ceased to be printed. And it is due the present generation that the subject be revived; that the beginnings of a movement costing great sacrifice and sorrow, and yielding vast gains to the growing and only permanent kingdom on Earth, should be brought to view in order that the instruction and usefulness of Christians of to-day may be promoted thereby. With the light of events put aside, the character to be presented conveys suggestiveness and gives impulse to even the best workers in the Lord's Vineyard; while to all there comes a satisfying complacency in view of the results and an earnest desire for more results. And not without a smile will any one read the words of a somewhat refined critic of the

period in which this narrative is laid, and concerning the heroine herself: "It is our deliberate conviction that the whole enterprise was uncalled for. * * * We repeat our most serious conviction that she would better have remained at home."—(*Christian Examiner, Unitarian.*)

The reader is invited to trace the rugged road over which passed this woman, who is praised by the critic just quoted for her "talents, energy, and self-sacrificing spirit," and of whom Mr. Lossing so aptly remarks: "She appears on the page of missionary history as an illuminated initial letter." She will be seen in circumstances and in trials passed through by no one of her sex before her, and in the performance of deeds that have impressed the civilized world, and will continue to do so for generations to come. Her course will be followed from clime to clime; from the dawn to the midday of life, when her sun went down—from the Merrimac to the Irrawaddy; from Bradford to Amherst.

II.

Born, and Born Again.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.—CHRIST.

'Tis June—'tis gladsome, gorgeous June,
The rich, warm flush of summer noon
 Rests on the golden hills;
And far and wide a Spirit Voice
Rings out, 'Young heart, rejoice! rejoice!'

MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

ANN HASSELTINE, daughter of John and Rebecca Hasseltine, was born at Bradford, Mass., December 22, 1789. In life's morning there was no appearance of precocity; in girlhood, no marked eccentricities which may be made the basis of a startling story; and yet her mind was characterized by great activity, power to grasp and retain, with a perseverance in seeking knowledge that assured for her a high estimation and a normal and large intellectual development. She cannot be said to have been a genius, and no example may be made of her in this respect to help or hinder any young person who reads the story of her youth. She seems to have entertained no expectation of excellence without labor, no sense of superiority to her companions, no anticipation of future eminence in any sphere whatever. The time had not come for woman to rank with man in the public

activities, and while her teachers may have prophesied for her "some uncommon destiny," neither they nor she could possibly have divined a calling at all comparable in heroic endeavor with that upon which she entered. Her love for books was not ominous of the conspicuous service she rendered, but, well cultivated, it became a means to it.

Her education was obtained at the Bradford Academy, amid the scenes and associations of her childhood—a circumstance that must have determined her freedom from certain habits of thinking and doing that are likely to be acquired at school abroad, and also confirmed the traits of simplicity and artlessness common in home life. By the same circumstance, filial obedience and respect for parental convictions on vital questions of morals and manners naturally continued to the time of womanhood, and thus became a fixed element of her character.

The New England village of her time was not the village of to-day. The railway train had not then connected localities with each other and opened a highway to inviting cities, thus affording the easy introduction of new and changeful elements of society, with fresh excitements continually; but, on the contrary, there was a staid population, maintaining their ways and cultivating familiarity among themselves. Nevertheless, such a condition of society was not a guarantee of good morals. With less advantages for practicing evil, a lower conception of morals existed then than we find now. Dancing and drinking were rife, and no ban was put upon them except in religious circles, and there to only a slight extent.

Miss Hasseltine was by no means an exception to her class. She was not a social anomaly. Her ardent temperament was joined to a strong love for social amusements, and in them she engaged with the utmost relish. Her mother, not at this time a Christian, felt required to restrain her restless spirit.

One having a volatile disposition may do otherwise than run in the way of evil, and with alacrity may pursue the good; and a habit of vivacious conduct, when sanctified, will be productive of virtuous deeds to a surprising extent. When Miss Hasseltine became a subject of the Spirit's work, her nature was as fully moved as previously when some suggestion of earthly pleasure was presented. Even more, for she was susceptible to an influence of a high character in a greater degree than was she to any one of inferior origin. Her nature fully responded to the Spirit, presenting a clear mirror for His image; a case of no ordinary character upon which His gracious power might be displayed.

It was not until she had reached the age of sixteen that the Spirit's influence began to be felt. She had been instructed by her mother in the elements of morality from a very early age. The importance of abstaining from the sins common to childhood, such as lying, disobedience to parents, and taking things not her own, was carefully inculcated; but the mother being then a stranger to the nature of true religion, the child could not be expected to receive from her the fundamental teaching concerning love to God as the motive for doing right. She was impressed, simply, that she must be good or she would be sent to the bad

place. Her mind was filled with terror, as a dreadful hell was pictured to her imagination, and hence she aimed to avoid the sins mentioned in order that she might escape it. She repeated her prayers night and morning, and abstained from play on the Sabbath, believing that this drill in morality would result in her salvation.

On entering the Academy, at twelve or thirteen years of age, her religious habits were much interrupted, and her purpose to sustain them very much weakened. The true motive not existing in her mind, so soon as an influence was felt that was calculated to allay her fears her punctilious observance of forms lost its main support. Social amusements, called "innocent," were well indorsed, and academy life tended to strengthen the sentiment in favor of them. She engaged in them with renewed interest, and soon found her mind so completely occupied with them as to prevent the dictates of conscience from being obeyed. She came to think that she had outgrown the duty of saying prayers, inasmuch as she was now old enough to attend balls, and she neglected praying and reading the Bible. For two or three years she entertained no anxious thought respecting her salvation. She was extremely gay, and, the opportunity of indulging in amusements being exceptionally good, she deemed herself "one of the happiest creatures on earth."

At this period books of devotion were in circulation, and comparatively few that pertained to the more active duties of contention against the giant evils in society, and of spreading the truth throughout the world. Christians were estimated according to their

habits of self-examination, "meditation upon heavenly and divine things," and conformity to the requirements of God's house; and their homes, and, to some extent, the homes of others, were supplied with the works of Bunyan, Hannah More, Baxter, and others. One Sabbath morning Miss Hasseltine, after preparing herself for worship, incidentally took up Hannah More's "Strictures on Female Education," and the first words upon which her eye rested were from the Bible, and were italicized, viz.: "*She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.*" She says: "They struck me to the heart. I stood for a few moments, amazed at the incident, and half inclined to think that some invisible agency had directed my eye to those words. At first I thought I would live a different life, and be more serious and sedate; but at last I thought that the words were not so applicable to me as I at first imagined, and resolved to think no more of them." She further states: "In the course of a few months (at the age of fifteen) I met with 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.' I read it as a Sabbath book, and was much interested in the story. I finished the book on a Sabbath, and it left this impression on my mind: that Christian, because he adhered to the narrow path, was carried through all his trials, and at last admitted into heaven. I resolved, from that moment, to begin a religious life, and in order to keep my resolutions, I went to my chamber and prayed for divine assistance. When I had done I felt pleased with myself, and thought I was in a fair way for heaven. But I was perplexed to know what it was to live a religious life, and again had recourse to my system of works."

Her exercises of mind had already assumed the type common to a person under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and without a known spiritual guide. She very naturally decided to refrain from attending pleasure parties, and to be "reserved and serious in the presence of the other scholars." The next morning, very soon after entering the school, she received information, imparted with a glowing countenance, that she was one of a number invited to a brilliant party. She stood the test by declining to go, adding that she should never again attend such a party; and she seemed so much pleased with the result of the testing that it became a snare to her, for in the evening of the same day she attended a private family party where dancing was introduced, and in which she engaged with unwonted satisfaction, "one of the gayest of the gay," and thought no more of the new life she had just begun. An invitation to attend another party awaited her return, and she passed through that in a similar way, and with equal freedom from self-reproof.

Her conscience, however, once aroused was not to be utterly silenced, nor even to be quieted for a short while. On her return from the last-mentioned party it upbraided her severely in that she had broken her most solemn resolutions; and a way of avoiding further suffering from the same source was to cease obligating herself, and such was the course chosen. For some four months thereafter she gave herself up to frivolities, neglecting her studies and spending the most of her time in vanity and trifling, and in preparing her plans and her dress therefor. She so far surpassed her friends in gayety and mirth that it was

suggested to her that she must have but a short time allotted to her, and would be suddenly cut off. Thus passed the last winter of her gay life.

With the approach of spring (A. D. 1806) there also came spring-time in her heart. There had been some attention to religion in the upper parish of Bradford; religious conferences had been held, and Miss Hasseltine now began to attend them regularly. She generally sought some retired corner, having found that the solemn appeals of the minister awakened emotions that she could not restrain, and which she did not wish observed; but frequently, after being deeply affected through the evening, she would return home in company with some of her frivolous companions and assume an air of levity foreign to her heart. The Spirit was now very actively working on her mind; had destroyed her love for amusements, brought her into dejection of spirit, and into an abiding consciousness of her danger. She began to evade her companions and to seek places for weeping; also opportunities for religious conversation, making choice, first, of an aunt whom she knew to be under similar concern of mind. It was during this visit, and while reading to this relative from a religious magazine, that her feelings gave way and she was induced to reveal the conviction which she had determined that no one besides herself should know. Her aunt, to whom she seems to have been sent for such a time as this, followed the thread of advice and entreaty usual in such cases, exhorting her to beware of losing present impressions and grieving the Spirit, and to devote herself entirely to seeking an interest in Christ until it should be obtained. This "word in

season" penetrated her heart; and she followed the counsel, avoiding company and denying herself even innocent gratifications, and spent her days in reading and crying for mercy.

The next stage was the reaching of an understanding of the real condition of her heart, and of how it appeared in the sight of God. As she began to obtain a view of Divine Holiness, the aversion and hatred of her soul to Him developed so fully as to cause feelings of great desperation. She longed for annihilation. "If," says she, "I could have destroyed the existence of my soul with as much ease as that of my body, I should quickly have done it." But the Healer was there, and her broken spirit having come down before Him was soon relieved of its distress. She readily saw in Him the helper she needed, and in the plan of redemption the way by which her salvation could be obtained consistently with the holiness that had filled her with such awe. Casting herself upon Him and leaving all to Him, she soon experienced relief. She did not yet believe that she had obtained a new heart, but she felt happy in contemplating the Savior's character and work, and in reading concerning the glorious attributes of God; and these exercises very early brought her to think that she had met with a radical change, and to hope in His pardoning grace. She went through a series of inquiries as to the evidences of a saved state, and found much reason to believe she was a Christian. Then she began to give very diligent attention to her studies, feeling under a new and solemn obligation to improve her mind and advantages to the glory of God. She faithfully occu-

pied all her school hours in acquiring useful knowledge, and spent her evenings and part of the nights in spiritual enjoyments.

By this specific recital it is seen that the heroine of the story had but the ordinary attributes of a human being, and that the features of her Christian experience thus far were such only as have been observed in the lives of persons of all grades of culture and in all periods. Were her after life to be divined by the circumstances of her conversion, the reader would predict nothing wonderful in her history; and yet the marks of genuineness in the Spirit's work, and of the ingenuousness of her own mind through it all, bated only by the attempt to conceal her feelings, are so clear as to deserve a passing recognition. Though without proper human guidance she "picked her way" along successfully; though often perplexed, and retarded by contact with wicked companions, she persevered. That intermittent state of concern, and that tenacious conviction of sin, with the many expedients for relief to which she resorted, are highly characteristic of the course of a soul in trying to leave the world and to find Christ. Her questionings as to her hope when obtained, her final acknowledgment of the Spirit's work, the joyful recognition of the beauties and harmonies of the Christian system, the beatific vision of the Divine Attributes and the grateful consecration of herself to Him who had redeemed her, all are in accord with what are known to be the beginnings of a Christian life. An experience that lacks the main features of this one does not lead to true discipleship. But one containing them all is

likely to result in a presentation of body and soul to God, a living sacrifice and a reasonable service. It also becomes a reliable basis by which to identify a saving faith in times of darkness or spiritual distress, and from which to derive assurance that the subject of it will perform a sustained, if not an eminent, service for the Redeemer, even amid hardship, persecution, and "unto death."

III.

Young Womanhood—MATURING.

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

LONGFELLOW.

—Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

WORDSWORTH.

THE sincerity of Miss Hasseltine was fully evinced from the time she experienced the change. Her conversion was certified to her own mind by the exercises of soul through which she passed and the state to which they brought her. She was not over-anxious as to the evidence, but desirous that she might be freed from sin, rise above her depravity, be saved from backsliding, glorify her Savior, and be permitted to dwell with Him forever; in a word, "go on unto perfection"—the best indication of being in the way of life. To this advancement she devoted herself with all that ardor characteristic of her in her career of sin. And she seems to have been almost wholly without parental and pastoral help. But having found her way out of the wilderness and into the path of life, she was the better qualified to pursue it independently. Her natural thirst for knowledge was now sanctified, and she

became very desirous to understand Gospel truth. To the daily study of the Scriptures she added the perusal of the works of Edwards, Doddridge, and others. "Edwards on Redemption" charmed her renewed spirit, and she copied many of its most striking passages. Nor did she prescribe the enjoyment of truth for herself alone; she sought to bring others into participation of the sacred pleasure by addressing to young friends letters containing precious thoughts on religion, and breathing an earnest desire that they might obtain like precious faith and hope with herself.

But though radiant with joy, her religious feelings were subject to the fluctuations common to the Christian, and especially to one of her ardor of temperament and fervor of affections. If worldly attractions do not divert the soul from its magnet, there still is liability to be depressed by conscious shortcomings; and one that is supremely devoted to the contemplation of religious subjects is sure to add such introspection and comparison of the requirements of the Gospel with his own conformity thereto as to feel his defectiveness, and, at times to despair of even approximating the standard. And yet such an one, through sincere love for truth and holiness, will linger about the Cross until its light again irradiates the soul. Miss Hasseltine's private journal at this period contains many details of these alternations of peace and anxiety. The summer came on, and, not having as yet publicly professed Christ, she was constantly occupied with her spiritual condition, with weighing and balancing objects of desire, motives and purposes, depending on such reading as she had, and resulting in renewed and absolute com-

mittal of herself to the Lord, to walk in His ways. On September 14, 1806, she united with the Congregational Church in Bradford, in her seventeenth year, and two months after her conversion.

A new era now dawns upon her. She has been a church member for some eight months, and during this period she chronicles a somewhat different experience from that just narrated; she has passed from the stage of inquiry and first love to that of avowed discipleship, with all that this means. She has laid plans of devout living, giving the Scriptures a very large place, and resolving "to strive against the *first risings* of discontent, fretfulness, and anger; to be meek, and humble, and patient; constantly to bear in mind that she is in the presence of God; habitually to look up to Him for deliverance from temptations, and in all cases to do to others as she would have them do to her." To carry out her resolutions was a matter of absorbing interest, as also to avail herself of the means of growth in grace, and in a knowledge of the divine character and word.

It will be inferred that her character developed rapidly, in beauty and symmetry. The intensity of her application to religious culture, and the admirable adaptedness of religious truth to her renewed nature, accelerated her growth and increased her strength, thus fitting her for immediate effectiveness in the vineyard of the Lord. Her academical education, made more available for good by the conscientious assiduity with which she pursued it after being converted, was now sufficient to justify her in engaging in the work of teaching; and she was desirous of such

an engagement that she might show her appreciation of the opportunities she had enjoyed, and bring forward her acquirements as a tribute to Him who loved her and gave himself for her. She felt that "it would be criminal to desire to be well educated and accomplished, from selfish motives, with a view merely to gratify her taste and relish for improvement, or her pride in being qualified to shine." The record she makes here evinces the humble and child-like disposition of a true disciple, talented or otherwise: "Have taken charge of a few scholars. * * * * *

On being lately requested to take a small school, for a few months, I felt very unqualified to have the charge of little immortal souls; but the hope of doing them good, by endeavoring to impress their young and tender minds with divine truth, and the obligation I feel *to try to be useful*, have induced me to comply. I was enabled to open the school with prayer. Though the cross was very great, I felt constrained by a sense of duty to take it up. The little creatures seemed astonished at such a beginning. Probably some of them had never heard a prayer before. O, may I have grace to be faithful in instructing these little immortals, in such a way as shall be pleasing to my Heavenly Father."

For several years she was engaged, at intervals, in teaching schools in Salem, Haverhill, Newbury, and, perhaps, other towns, and in all she exhibited the same conscientious endeavor indicated in the above mention of her first school. She felt, always, that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and her journal shows that she continued her own personal discipline

in righteousness, with great fidelity, while imparting instruction to her pupils.

Here her journal of the period under consideration appears to cease, excepting that occasional paragraphs were penned which show subsequent views and feelings of a still more advanced type. Her view of the adaptedness of the Gospel gradually widened, and her solicitude for all who might share its benefits increased. She became much interested in the prosperity of the church, and for the good of the African slaves, for the heathen and for the Jews. That Providence was preparing her mind for her great life work will be conceded, when it is reflected that in her time little had been written or spoken in behalf of the heathen or by way of information concerning them. She had no example of a foreign missionary before her, and no organization for the diffusion of Christianity in other lands then existed on this continent.

Miss Hasseltine was now rapidly maturing in Christian doctrine, and specially in missionary sentiment. There is no reason for believing that the subject of missions at this time engaged the attention of the church of which she was a member, or of neighboring churches, to any considerable extent. She evidently derived her views from the study of God's plan of mercy to a lost world—the whole world—while her motives of love to perishing mankind were naturally strengthened by the example of Jesus, and of such of His followers as had given themselves wholly to His work. But whether otherwise aided or unaided, she was surely approaching the goal of her womanhood—a complete consecration of herself to a

nobler service than her sex had as yet rendered. Even Harriet Newell, who had been a Christian for a longer time, had not reached the high plane of view to which she had attained, and who, in fact, derived from her the first impressions of duty as to the foreign field.

In the formative period of her sentiments, however, Miss Hasseltine did not define for herself a mission to India, nor any other heroic enterprise that would naturally be attributed to immature views, or the element of romance in the youthful mind. And as Providence was preparing her mind for any important call that might be made, so He was framing the circumstances in which to place her. Missionary sentiment was rising in some of the schools; notably, Williams College and Andover Theological Seminary. That it was not dependent on studies in theology is manifest in the fact that it first appeared in the college named. Samuel J. Mills, a student, became greatly exercised respecting Christian duty to the heathen, and one day, in his walk, he invited two or three other students to retire with him, and, finding a pleasant retreat at the side of a great haystack, he opened his mind to them, and was astonished to learn that they had been similarly exercised. The interview was so exciting and edifying that they spent the day there, and thereafter retired daily to the same spot for conversation and prayer. It became a Bethel; and now a small park, containing a suitable monument, occupies the site of the haystack at which the American Foreign Mission cause is believed to have been prayed into existence. (It is just by the home of the late President, Dr. Mark Hopkins.)

These young men, or a part of them, entered the Andover Seminary, bearing the missionary glow on their hearts. There they met one whose impressions and zeal were similar to their own, but which had been obtained independently of theirs, and in a somewhat different way. He had given himself to Christ after entering the Seminary, and but a few months previous to their admission had united with the Third Congregational Church, in Plymouth, Mass., of which his father was pastor. In the same year he read a missionary sermon, entitled, "Star in the East," preached by Dr. Claudius Buchanan on his return from a protracted experience in India, and this first led him to reflect on the duty of giving himself to the cause of missions in the East. The subject took vigorous hold upon his mind—just from the throes of deep conviction, and under a grateful sense of the preciousness of redemption—and so tenacious was it that he could find peace only by giving it cordial and attentive consideration. His anxious and constant thought, beginning in September, 1809, culminated in February, 1810, and on the side of the perishing heathen. Once decided, it was decided forever; for not only was decision of character a prominent characteristic of his being, but, likewise, the subject with which he was dealing was one calculated to supply the moral powers of his nature with a satisfying occasion for their exercise.

No sooner had Adoniram Judson thus determined upon being a missionary to the East than he undertook to create a missionary sentiment that should result in establishing and sustaining missions there.

The London Missionary Society had already existed for some years, and had received from American Christians considerable sums of money. Also, the Massachusetts Missionary Society, organized to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel in the remote parts of our own country, had existed for some eleven years. But a distinctively foreign Missionary Society in the United States was at this time (1810) a thing of the future. The General Association of Massachusetts (Congregational) was to meet in June, and Mr. Judson saw the opportunity it presented for starting the movement he so warmly cherished. He drew up a document of "statements and inquiries," very deferential, yet very earnest, covering all the points necessary to be considered, and, having obtained the signatures of Samuel Nott, Jr., Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell, he and these young men went before that learned body in a petition that gained its unqualified respect, and resulted in the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and in the designation of Judson, Newell, Nott, Hall, and Rice, who sailed almost simultaneously for India—the first two from Salem, the remaining three from Philadelphia.

A point of interest, in this connection, is the fact that the above meeting of the General Association was held at Bradford, June, 1810. Here Mr. Judson and Miss Hasseltine first saw each other, and here the fount was opened in the heart of each which flowed with such a placid and enlarging volume to the end of life. They were at the right point of progress in missionary conviction to be ready to respond, heart to heart, regarding the claims of a perishing world.

They had but just passed their majority; were still in the flush and vigor of youthtime, natural and spiritual. He was qualified by a collegiate education that secured him the merited honors of his class; she by an academic culture greatly promoted by her conscience, quickened in conversion. His endowments were much improved and well tempered by the trial of unbelief through which he passed; hers by the self-reliance to which she was left, in the crises of her repeated awakenings, and struggles to become a child of God. And in view of their similarity of spirit and the parallel lines along which they subsequently developed, it would seem that they had so much in common as to justify the statement that they were made and providentially trained for each other. An acquaintance was soon formed, leading to a direct offer of marriage, with a view to a missionary life in the East.

"The story is told," says Dr. Edward Judson, "that during the sessions of the Association, mentioned above, the ministers gathered for a dinner beneath Mr. Hasseltine's hospitable roof. His youngest daughter, Ann, was waiting on the table. Her attention was attracted to the young student, whose bold missionary projects were making such a stir. But what was her surprise to observe, as she moved about the table, that he seemed completely absorbed in his plate. Little did she dream that she had already woven her spell about his young heart, and that he was at that very time composing a graceful stanza in her praise."

The peculiar and trying position in which Miss Hasseltine was now placed is well described by her biographer, Prof. James D. Knowles:

The influence which her affections ought to have, in deciding a question of this kind, it would not, in ordinary cases, have been difficult to determine. But in this case, her embarrassment was increased by the conflict which might arise between affection and duty. A person so conscientious as she was, would wish to form a decision on the important question of her duty, respecting missionary labors, uninfluenced by any personal considerations. Hesitation to assume an office so responsible and so arduous, would spring up in any mind; but Miss Hasseltine was required to decide on this point, in connection with another, itself of the utmost importance to her individual happiness. It was impossible to divest herself of her personal feelings, and she might have some painful suspicions, lest her affections might bias her decision to become a missionary; while female delicacy and honor would forbid her to bestow her hand, merely as a preliminary and necessary arrangement.

There was another circumstance which greatly increased the difficulty of a decision. No female had ever left America as a missionary to the heathen. The general opinion was decidedly opposed to the measure. It was deemed wild and romantic in the extreme, and altogether inconsistent with prudence and delicacy. Miss H. had no example to guide and allure her. She met with no encouragement from the greater part of those persons to whom she applied for counsel. Some expressed strong disapprobation of the project. Others would give no opinion. Two or three individuals, whom it might not be proper to name, were steady, affectionate advisers and encouraged her to go. With these exceptions, she was forced to decide from her own convictions of duty, and her own sense of fitness and expediency.

The woman missionary of to-day, who is spared the severest of these embarrassments, is scarcely prepared to realize how greatly Miss Hasseltine was tried. In being compelled at last to form an independent conclusion, with nearly all of her cherished friends in

opposition to it, she would very naturally release such friends from responsibility for sympathy with her, except that of the most personal character. Should distress come upon her in consequence of her choice she foresaw that she could not appeal to those who opposed her going with freedom and with hope. But the same decision which had brought her on thus far served her purpose now, and it was a sign of the latent heroism required for the opening of a heathen nation to the conquests of the Gospel.

In a letter to an intimate friend she reveals the fact that her engagement was made in less than three months from the first interview with Mr. Judson; which circumstance, considering the custom of protracting courtship in her day, is an evidence of his impetuous earnestness and fervid affections, as well as of her readiness to join her fortunes with those of a good man in some important service to a needy world. And in the same letter it becomes evident that it was not a desire to marry, but a wish to be favorably situated for a life's work, that was uppermost in her mind. "Nor," says she, "were my determinations formed in consequence of an attachment to an earthly object; but with a sense of my obligations to God, and with a full conviction of its being a call in Providence, and consequently my duty." How well placed were her affections—how honoring and how honored—the story will show.

The letter addressed by Mr. Judson to her father when asking for her hand, in which the hard realities before them were distinctly and fully summarized, and the ordinary, pleasant features of married life as care-

fully withheld, must have been known by her, and have had weight in her final decision. What could have been more scrupulously honest in him, or more severely testful to the daughter, as well as to the father, than such language as the following :

I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter, early next spring, to see her no more in this world ; whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life ; whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean ; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India ; to every kind of want and distress ; to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death.

It is no abatement of the virtue of such a presentation that he specifies the great controlling motives of gratitude to Him who left His heavenly home and died for her, of pity for perishing immortal souls, of desire to glorify God, and of a crown of glory at last, "brightened by the acclamations of praise which should redound to her Savior from heathens saved, through her means, from eternal woe and despair." To Mr. Hasseltine, a paternal care for this gifted offspring was a primary duty and a delightful privilege. To give her up to the petitioner at his hearthstone was consciously to cast the vase and flower into the midst of a wretched people who would spurn the flower and might destroy the vase. Sentiments of compassion, as well as of love for his child, must have mingled in the cup given him to drink, and must also have been a source of trial to her.

Pending the consummation of this marriage vow, involving in its terms what had not been included

in any preceding engagement in Bradford society, viz., a life in a pagan land, it was necessary that a missionary appointment be secured, and to obtain it Mr. Judson applied himself with characteristic zeal. He and his associates had succeeded with the General Association so far as to secure the appointment of what is still the Board of Commissioners. This Board held its first meeting in the September following, at which it advised the applicants to pursue their studies until further information from the foreign field be obtained and the finances justify their appointment. It created a Prudential Committee, which deemed it advisable to confer with the London Missionary Society as to such a union with it as might the better assure the funds needed in this emergency, and for such conference made Mr. Judson its deputy. Mr. J. accordingly sailed the first of January; was made a prisoner by the capture of the vessel by a French privateer, and hence was detained in his mission, and did not reach London until the 6th of May. He was favorably received, and his object taken under advisement, and ere the month closed he and three others were appointed. Soon after his return the American Board held its second meeting, at which it was concluded that a union with the London Society was not advisable, and that the Board would undertake their support. This action, which took place September 18, 1811, and was the beginning of formal activities in this country against the powers of darkness in the East, was very gratifying to the young men who had applied for the appointment. It not only opened to them an opportunity for laboring where they wished to

labor—a field that had appealed effectually to their hearts and for which they had been for some time preparing themselves—but it also left unrelaxed the tie between them and their native land, and had even strengthened it by means of the new and mutual interest that the strange movement had created.

It now remained for preparations to be made for the journey and for a life beyond the sea. The ocean had not been traversed as yet by American missionaries, and devising as well as providing the outfit required much study and would naturally be attended with great perplexity. With but little sentiment in favor of the new project, some time must elapse ere the prospective wedding would draw to the affianced the degree of interest that a hymeneal affair usually creates. The delicacy of Miss Hasseltine's position as, eventually, her affairs came to be a town topic, deserves mention as one occasion of her early trials. To be an object of interest when pity on account of a supposed delusion is a prominent sentiment, is embarrassing if not painful. But no evidence remains that she hesitated or swerved from her purpose or withdrew from her place in society; and right here the beginnings of the courage of her mission in life must have been experienced.

The marriage and the embarkment were nearly simultaneous; the nuptials taking place February 5, 1812, and the departure on the 19th of the same month. From that time Bradford, jointly with Malden, the birthplace of Mr. Judson, has borne the first honor among towns, in American missionary annals. Ann Hasseltine Judson, unconsciously to herself, began to reflect a credit on her home village quite different from

that imparted by her personal charms, talent, and scholarship; to these were added the aroma of her piety and of her distinguishing moral elements, a recognition of which would readily rise above any opinion of her adopted course. Although she was designated merely as the wife of a missionary, her toils and achievements took such a rank as to win for her the character of a missionary and a corresponding recognition at home.

IV.

Young Wifehood—LAUNCHING.

Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss.

MILTON.

How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea! and its own life also—lays them all,
Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast,
Reserving naught, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE day following the wedding, there gathered in Salem the pastors and delegates of three churches to perform the singular and solemn service of ordaining the five brethren, whose names have been mentioned, to the work of the ministry, as missionaries in Asia. Three of the number were married; yet the account of the occasion, published at the time, makes no reference to their wives, except to state that they sailed with them. Recognition of them had obtained only so far as to assure some provision for their sustenance. If any importance attached to the new relation in which they stood it certainly was not sufficient to warrant the Board in requiring that all missionaries be married. How feebly was it realized that great possibilities for good lay in the character of woman, and

that those about to sail were among the very noblest of the sex!

Ann Hasseltine Judson and Harriet Newell, born in towns facing each other, educated at the same academy and drinking into the same spirit, graced the brig Caravan as it cleared the port of Salem, bound for Calcutta. They and their husbands were of one heart and one soul; and the wives had derived their own interest in missions independently of theirs—from the same original cause: the love of God and the needs of the world—and, consequently, the merit of the sacrifice they were making must have been as real as was theirs. The domestic ties of women, moreover, are more delicate than are those of men, and the sundering of them is proportionately more painful. As the Caravan moved from shore, Mrs. Judson and Mrs. Newell felt the rending of precious bonds which had grown with their growth. How impressively recur the beautiful lines of Mrs. Sigourney, written concerning Mrs. Judson's departure:

"I saw her on the strand.—Beside her smiled
Her native land, and her beloved home,
With all their pageantry of light and shade,
Streamlet and vale. There stood her childhood's friends—
Sweet sisters who had shared her inmost thoughts,
And saint-like parents, whose example rais'd
Those thoughts to Heaven. It was a strong array!
And the fond heart clung to its rooted loves,
But Christ had given it panoply, which earth
Might never overthrow."

Mrs. Judson was now at sea and subject to the elements. On the first day she suffered seasickness, and this common affliction was repeated each day for

some time, creating an expectation of its protracted repetition. And the time of continuance on the deep was to her very uncertain. Steam navigation was as yet untried on the high seas. The Robert Fulton,* "the wonder of the world," had plied the Hudson but three or four years, and the period of a vessel between the continents depended more than now on the state of the weather. The Caravan was detained several days in the port of Salem for want of a favoring breeze; and some contention with equatorial gales was experienced during the voyage, yet the sailing was free from disaster.

During the first night Mrs. Judson had many distressing apprehensions of death, accompanied with a dread of perishing amid the waves. Her seasickness was doubtless the cause of this, as it was also of the searching self-examination she underwent from day to day. Her mind acquired a habit of contemplating on her obligation to be devoted to God and to the perishing. In this particular the other missionaries were in sympathy with her. Their thoughts were upon the object for which they had left their kindred and native land and encountered the perils of the ocean. The eighth day after their embarkment was observed by the friends on land in fasting and prayer for the prosperity of the mission, and Mrs. Judson mentions it as not forgotten by themselves. She spent the evening on deck. "The weather was pleasant," she writes; "the motion of the vessel gentle, though rapid; the

* Mr. Judson, in the tour which he made shortly after his graduation, went to Albany expressly to see the Fulton, and took passage on it, upon its second trip to New York.

full moon shone clearly on the water; and all things around conspired to excite pleasing though melancholy sensations. My native land, my home, my friends, and all my forsaken enjoyments rushed into my mind; my tears flowed profusely, and I could not be comforted. Soon, however, the consideration of having left all these for the dear cause of Christ, and the hope of being, one day, instrumental of leading some poor, degraded females to embrace him as their Savior, soothed my griefs, dried up my tears, and restored peace and tranquillity to my mind." The weather continued pleasant so that they could spend much time on deck, and Mrs. Judson's meditations continued to be of the character of the above, resulting in enlarged enduement of the Holy Spirit for the work before her in life, and greater desires for a heavenly inheritance at last.

The occupation of the missionaries while on ship had reference mostly to their future labors. They read and studied the books they had brought, and thus revived and increased their acquaintance with religious literature, and through that the knowledge of the Word of God. Their supply consisted of such works as the Lives of the Martyrs and of The Apostles, of Sir William Jones and Dr. Doddridge, Scott's Commentaries, Paley, Dick, and others, on Inspiration, writers on The Prophecies, etc., all of which were current among the preachers of the day. Mrs. Judson participated extensively in this reading, and tried to derive lessons from the spirit of the writers, most of whom seemed to her to be paragons of Christian excellence, as well as to get instruction from their presentations

of truth. The substance of what she gathered was made material for meditation and conversation.

But besides intellectual and spiritual exercises, it was necessary that the passengers should have some kind of recreation. Mrs. Judson found that her health was somewhat declining for want of it. "For some time," she says, "we could invent nothing which could give us exercise equal to what we had been accustomed to. Jumping the rope was finally invented, and this we found to be of great use. I began and jumped it several times in the day, and found my health gradually return, until I was perfectly well." Mrs. Newell speaks of habitual, rapid walking on deck, and of the good preservation of the Yankee ginger-bread presented by the ladies of Salem.

Public worship on the Sabbath was held in the cabin usually, and on the occasion a sermon would be preached. The captain, of whom Mrs. Judson speaks as "a young gentleman of an amiable disposition and pleasing manners," attended the service with other officers, and he and they were very obliging, and preserved such decorum on board as religious people necessarily desire. So, while exiled from her country by "the rolling deep," and shut up for months to narrow circumstances and to a limited number of engagements, she still found alleviation in observing and receiving courtesies, which never fail to bring fresh gratefulness to the heart. Her husband, too, "one of the kindest, most faithful, and affectionate of husbands," by his conversation frequently dissipated "gloomy clouds of spiritual darkness" which hung over her mind.

Among her engagements during the voyage there was one of momentous interest, which probably has no parallel in missionary annals. She was confronted, very unexpectedly, with doubts concerning baptism, as she had understood and received it. The subject of the ordinances first occurred to Mr. Judson, after the journey was well advanced, while he was translating the New Testament, and as the circumstances before them began to be considered with added gravity. As his plans took him first to Serampore, for temporary residence, he began to anticipate some disputation with the English Baptist missionaries working there, they being already established on the field and in position to oppose new comers of different faith and order; he not knowing that they made it a matter of principle never to introduce the subject of their peculiar belief to brethren of other denominations who might be their guests. Having a scholarly and logical mind he may be supposed to have entered on the examination of the subject of baptism with renewed zest; and seeing that he hoped to have converts to his ministry, he wished to be prepared in advance to state definitely why the children of the converted should be baptized and admitted to the privileges of the church, as he had been taught. With his questionings there gradually arose some misgiving as to the correctness of the position he was holding and was preparing to defend. His moral nature was awakened also, and his conscience, clear and positive as any faculty of his being, demanded a correct decision, with an attitude corresponding to it. But the change of relations attending a change of views



Mrs. Harriet Newell,

"Wife of the REV. SAMUEL NEWELL, died at Port-Louis, in the Isle of France, Nov. 30, 1812, in the 20th year of her age, having accompanied her husband in the benevolent attempt to preach Christ to the Heathen."

FROM ORIGINAL PLATE.

was too serious a matter to be contemplated without sadness.

The study continued, and Mrs. Judson, first a witness to it, presently came to apprehend serious results from it, and tried to induce him to discontinue it, urging the unhappy consequences that would follow a radical change. Women do not enjoy nor do they stand on differences of religious belief so generally as do men. They incline to ethics, devotions, and charities, and are willing to labor in almost any relation that will enable them to realize along these several lines. Mrs. Judson wished above all things else to be serviceable in turning degraded heathen women to the Savior of the world, and she did not relish the prospect of an interruption in the plans before her. She was "afraid" her husband would become a Baptist, while he admitted that "he was *afraid* the Baptists were right and he wrong." But as fear was not a controlling motive with him, so it ceased to be with her; and as conscience was supreme with him, next to revelation, so it proved to be with her.

On arriving in India the attention of Mrs. Judson, with that of her husband, was temporarily diverted from the subject of baptism to the concerns of the mission and the difficulties in the government. But that subject once allowed to disturb one's peace of mind seldom relaxes its hold. Mr. Judson came back to it with renewed earnestness, and Mrs. Judson now acquiesced in his course and joined him in the pursuit of the truth. They left Serampore and resided a week or two in Calcutta, awaiting the arrival of the other brethren, and having nothing in particular to occupy their

attention they gave it exclusively to this matter. They had brought a good supply of Pedobaptist writings pertaining to it, and in the chamber they now occupied they found many more works on both sides, which they investigated in the light of the Scriptures and with unquestioned sincerity, resulting in overwhelming conviction in favor of the Baptist view.

Mrs. Judson, not an indifferent spectator at the commencement of this ordeal, and presently herself becoming subject to it, bore the trial with womanly dignity. She could not boast, yet she had nothing of which to be ashamed. She was abased before her friends and those who had sent her husband out; but she could not feel humiliated, because she felt that she had been elevated to a higher plane of vision. However, there were two sources of peculiar pain. One, the denominational breach thus made between herself and those who came out with her. "We anticipate," she said, "the loss of reputation and of the affection and esteem of many of our American friends. But the most trying circumstance attending this change, and that which has caused most pain, is the separation which must take place between us and our dear missionary associates." The need of their society and sympathy could not be ignored. In a strange land, a pagan land, a land full of the habitations of cruelty, what could two missionary families do with an ecclesiastical gulf between them! How could woman, dependent as she is on the fellowship of woman, endure the prospect of disfellowship in a heathen land, and in respect to the most vital of interests! It was not enough to reflect that though one should forsake another would take her up. To her,

an old schoolmate, a companion *de voyage*, one whom she had influenced to come on this costly errand, was not lightly to be exchanged for other female acquaintances of a different nationality and not yet assured to her. And the painful surprise awaiting the coming missionaries, as they should find that their leader had gone from them ere the work was begun, must have been to her an oppressive thought.

A second source of trial was the probability of being cut off from further support by the Board of Commissioners, and the reflection that there was not another similar organization in America to which they might appeal. The solicitude natural to dependent wives seized upon Mrs. Judson's mind, as she foresaw that they must "go alone to some heathen land." "These things," she wrote to her parents, "were very trying to us, and caused our hearts to bleed for anguish. We felt we had no home in this world, and no friend but each other." And how soon, she might have added, was the foresight of Mr. Judson coming to be verified, as exhibited in the full and tender letter addressed to her father asking for her hand!

Another circumstance, increasing the painfulness of the situation, was the fact that the Baptists in America were as yet a comparatively "feeble folk." The Congregationalists were the "Standing Order," and other denominations survived by their sufferance, or by their own capacity for fighting their way. The Baptists were the loyal subjects of a good conscience, and so "peculiar" were they regarded to be as a people that the hand of every other denomination was against them. Thus they were an object of contempt,

concealed or expressed, and Mrs. Judson's apprehension that the union with them "would wound and grieve her dear Christian friends in America" was well founded. To couch in a hut in India and there imagine the effect of news of a change of belief and formal separation from the church loving and providing for her, was unpleasant in the extreme.

Then what would the Baptists say to an appeal to them for support, seeing that Mr. Judson had not yet had time to establish himself in the public mind as a missionary? And having made one change already, what further might not be anticipated from him? The woman would hardly be woman-like who should not be filled, in such circumstances, with continuous, distressful anxiety as to her future. Heathendom lay before them—where to choose and Providence their guide.

The baptism of Mr. and Mrs. Judson was not hastened. It took place September 6, 1812, in the Baptist Chapel in Calcutta. Meantime notification of their change had been sent to the Board, to leading Baptists, and to friends in America. Rev. Luther Rice, who came by the *Harmony*, arriving later, underwent a similar change, and was also baptized. Dr. Carey is reported as having said that he was "thought to be the most obstinate friend of Pedobaptism of any of the missionaries."

The long voyage of nearly four months was to Mrs. Judson fraught with strange experiences. To be out of sight of land for that period, and to be subject to the monotony of a rocking vessel, and of seasickness, and of the rounds of passengers and crew within

their limited area, was not a situation to be enjoyed for its own sake. The heat felt in crossing the equator the first time was quite oppressive. When rounding the Cape of Good Hope the ship encountered rough, rainy weather for twenty days, during which time Mrs. Judson realized as never before the dangers of the deep and her entire dependence on God for preservation. Entire nights were passed in sleeplessness, on account of the rocking of the vessel and the roaring of the winds. When within a few days sailing of Calcutta, she rejoiced at the thought of again seeing land, even the land of strangers and heathenish darkness.

On June 16th she began a letter to her sister :

Day before yesterday we came in sight of land after being out only one hundred and twelve days. We could distinguish nothing on shore except the towering mountains of Golconda. Yesterday morning we were nearer land, and could easily discover the trees on the shore. Some appeared to be placed regularly in rows, others were irregular and scattered. The scene was truly delightful, and reminded me of the descriptions I have read of the fertile shores of India—the groves of orange and palm trees. I likewise thought it probable that these shores were inhabited by a race of beings, by nature like ourselves, but who, not like us, are ignorant of the God who made them and the Savior who died for them. * * * We are now at anchor in the Bay of Bengal. * * *

The scene is truly delightful. We are sailing up the river Hoogly, a branch of the Ganges, and so near the land that we can distinctly discover objects. On one side of us are the Sunderbunds (islands at the mouth of the Ganges). The smell which proceeds from them is fragrant beyond description. We have passed some mango trees and some large brick houses.

Next day:

I have never, my dear sister, witnessed or read anything so delightful as the present scene. On each side of the Hoogly, where we are now passing, are the Hindoo cottages, as thick together as the houses in our seaports. They are very small, and in the form of haystacks, without either chimneys or windows. They are situated in the midst of trees, which hang over them, and appear truly romantic; the grass and fields of rice are perfectly green, and herds of cattle are everywhere feeding on the banks of the river, and the natives are scattered about, differently employed; some are fishing, some driving the team, and many are sitting indolently on the bank of the river. The pagodas we have passed are much larger and handsomer than the houses.

This extract indicates with what emotions Mrs. Judson was introduced to the country where she was to tell a story the natives had never heard—to present the name of a God they could not see, and who alone had the power of life and death in His hands. Nothing diverted her mind from her mission; every scene called forth some thought or expression relating to Christ and their need of Him. The Newells, of course, were in company; and the devout Harriet fully sympathized with her in every pious emotion.

They were now in harbor at Calcutta, and Mr. Judson and Mr. Newell were making efforts to obtain permission from the Police office to live in the country. The East India Company, of England, was violently opposed to missions; the professed reason being a conscientious regard to the religious rights guaranteed to the idolatrous nations under British sway, which, it was argued, would be infringed by attempts to undermine their ancient faith. The real reason, however, it is believed, was the fact that the Company derived a large revenue from a tax on idolatry—an admission tax, for

example, on the pilgrims who came to the annual festival of Juggernaut—and from sales of merchandise necessary to keep up idols and idol worship. Its charter was changed, however, so as to secure religious toleration. It had reluctantly given liberty to its own countrymen to settle here as chaplains, and had prohibited them preaching to the natives. Finally, Captain Heard, of the Caravan, who had been so kind and courteous throughout the voyage, came aboard and invited them to go to the house he had procured for himself. But Mr. Judson returned with an invitation from Dr. Carey, which was accepted, and Mrs. Judson, with Mrs. Newell, was borne to his house in a palanquin, by the natives, at a rapid rate and through crowded streets. No English lady was there seen walking through the streets; the natives being very numerous and annoying.

What were her feelings now, as she was permitted to go ashore!—on such a strange soil, and on such an errand! While the friends in the home village were sleeping, not even dreaming of their loved ones on the opposite side of the globe, they were just touching the edge of a kingdom of darkness which they were to endeavor to enlighten, from which they could not shrink, and where they expected to lie down at the last and be known afterward only in grateful memories.

V.

Ocean and Orient—*DRIFTING.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

SCHILLER.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

WHITTIER.

MRS. Judson at once became greatly interested in things about her—the curious construction of the house she was in, the English church in which punkahs were used, a native wedding procession, etc., filling up a good part of the one day of her sojourn in Calcutta. The little party of four then went on to Serampore, whither they had been invited by the missionaries residing there, that they might have a temporary home until the missionaries from Philadelphia should arrive. They had a cordial welcome by Messrs. Carey, Marshman, and Ward, and their wives. Here, too, Mrs. Judson gives much time to observation on the mission premises and the idolatries about her, careful to remember the dear friends in America with a delineation of the same. She was interested by everything she observed, but was greatly affected with pity for the poor deluded beings who not only wor-

shipped gods that could not see, nor hear, nor speak, nor do anything for them, but who, in consequence, were deeply degraded, and knew not what comfort or brotherly kindness did mean.

The mission premises consisted of five large, commodious buildings; one for printing purposes, three for the families mentioned, and one as a "common house." In the latter the two missionary families from America were accommodated, and they "had everything to make them happy." Also, a collection was taken for them among the friends of missions in Calcutta. They occupied their leisure hours in walking in the mission garden, "a charming retreat from the busy world," and in going out to see the Jugger-naut and other "sights." Writing letters to America, in which what they witnessed was described with the minuteness, simplicity and gratification characteristic of children's tales, was likewise a loved employ. The departure of a vessel was a rare occurrence, and one carefully noted in advance, and effort was made to have letters in readiness, that dear friends might not fail to hear from them by every mail. The quietude and the daily worship of the place were restful to body and soul.

But these circumstances were not to be of long continuance. The East India Company was exceedingly jealous of all promoters of Christianity, and it could not long tolerate this new Christian force in the country. Notwithstanding the inactivity of the missionaries sojourning at Serampore, it was well understood that they were looking for a good opportunity to march against the powers of darkness, which the

Company was protecting, and were awaiting and momentarily expecting the arrival of the Harmony, bringing reinforcements in the persons of brethren Rice, Nott, and Hall. But ere that vessel came, orders were given them to leave Serampore and proceed to Calcutta, and there take passage for America. They begged for permission to settle and labor in some other part of India and were refused. Then they asked that they might go to the Isle of France, until recently in the French dominion. This request was granted; yet the outgoing vessel could accommodate but two, and it was agreed that Mr. and Mrs. Newell should embrace the opportunity, Mr. and Mrs. Judson remaining behind. This arrangement necessitated a separation of those who could scarcely spare each other. On August 4th Mrs. Newell went aboard the ship Gillespie for her last voyage, and Mrs. Judson saw her no more. The hope of joining her on the Isle of France seemed to her to be well founded; but how delusive the hopes of earth!

Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained in Calcutta four months longer, waiting for passage. "They were entertained with the most liberal hospitality at the house of Mr. Rolt, an English gentleman; and the treatment they received from other Christian friends was kind and soothing to their feelings, amid their difficulties." And in this time (on September 6th) their baptism took place, and also the arrival of the Harmony from Philadelphia (August 8th). The presence of the brethren, long anticipated and gladly welcomed, gave them new cheer, but did not essentially change their circumstances nor relieve their solicitude as to the future.

A month passes by and they assume a new church relationship, sundering ties with those at whose side they stood during the ordination services at Salem, and of whom they almost seemed to form a part. Anticipating her baptism, Mrs. Judson says in her journal: "In consequence of our performance of this duty, we must make some very painful sacrifices. We must be separated from our dear missionary associates, and labor alone in some isolated spot. We must expect to be treated with contempt, and be cast off by many of our American friends—forfeit the character we have in our native land, and probably have to labor for our own support, wherever we are stationed." And to a friend in America: "Can you, my dear Nancy, still love me, still desire to hear from me, when I tell you I have become a Baptist?" From a later view point this solicitude appears like the imagining of a diseased mind, but separate Mrs. Judson from her subsequent history and it appears both natural and well grounded.

To offset this mental trouble she was admitted to new fellowships and privileges of a delightful character, before leaving Calcutta. She became eligible to the Lord's Supper, among the English Baptists, and one celebration she describes as follows: "Nov. 1—I never saw a more striking display of the love of God, than was manifested in those who came around the communion table, and who have been emphatically called from the highways and hedges. Hindoos and Portuguese, Armenians and Mussulmans, could join Europeans and Americans in commemorating the dying love of Jesus." Then she adds, same date: "Brother Rice was this day baptized. He has been

examining the subject for some time, and finally became convinced that it was his duty to be baptized in Christ's appointed way. I consider it a singular favor, that God has given us one of our brethren to be our companion in travels, our associate and fellow-laborer in missionary work." And with this record was there not the pleasant consciousness that her husband and she had led the way in the observance of the divine command, and that the result might properly be considered a kind of first fruit of their sacrifice for the heathen?

The detention of the American missionaries in Calcutta, however, became very wearisome to themselves, and finally an annoyance to the government. They spent many days in anxious thought as to what course to pursue. Those who had been baptized had virtually released the Board of Commissioners from all obligation to them, and they were not certain that the Baptists would take them up; this, therefore, was another cause of anxiety. They seriously contemplated going to South America; then Persia, Japan, Madagascar, and other countries were considered as fields for missionary effort. But Burmah held the ascendency in Mr. Judson's mind, and though he gave thought to many countries he invariably reverted to the one on which his heart was originally fixed, and the one which seemed to be most determinedly hedged in by governmental restrictions. In all his anxieties Mrs. Judson shared a wifely part, as evinced by the full explanatory letters she wrote to her friends; and although he was the strong staff on which she leaned, yet her greater sensibilities were the occasion of keener suffering through that

cause than he experienced. She had every comfort at Mr. Rolt's, but she longed to get away to some field of labor among the heathen. At a late day in their stay they had some prospect of going to Java, and had actually spoken for a passage.

Late in November another, a very peremptory order was given for the missionaries to embark for England, in one of the East India Company's vessels. Mr. Judson and Mr. Rice were requested not to leave their place of residence without permission, and their names were published as passengers of the particular ship in which they were to sail. But they soon ascertained that a ship named *Creole* would shortly sail for the Isle of France, and they applied to the government for a pass to enable them to procure passage on it. This being refused they communicated with the captain, begging him to take them without the passport. He claimed to be neutral, but pointed to the ship and said that they could do as they pleased. They gathered up their baggage, and with the aid of coolies succeeded in getting aboard at about midnight, having effected a passage through the dock-yard gates, contrary to the regulations of the Company. Next morning the ship sailed and proceeded down the Ganges for two days without molestation, when a government dispatch arrived, forbidding the pilot to go farther, as passengers were on board who had been ordered to England. Mrs. Judson's narration of experiences at this time is explicit and so interesting that it will be inserted here as originally given to her parents by letter, dated at sea, December 7, 1812:

We immediately concluded that it was not safe to continue on board the remainder of the night. Mr. Rice and Mr. Judson took a boat and went on shore to a tavern a little more than a mile from the ship. The captain said that I and our baggage could stay on board with perfect safety, even should an officer be sent to search the vessel.

The next day we lay at anchor, expecting every hour to hear some intelligence from Calcutta. In the evening the captain received a note from the owner of the vessel, saying he had been to the Police to inquire the cause of the detention of his ship; and the cause assigned was, "It was suspected there were persons on board which the captain had been forbidden to receive," and that the ship could not proceed until it was ascertained that no such persons were on board. The pilot immediately wrote a certificate that no such persons were on board, at the same time giving a list of all the passengers. I got into a small boat and went on shore, where the brethren had been anxiously waiting through the day. We knew not what course to take, as it was impossible that we could proceed in that ship without a pass from the magistrate. Brother Rice set out directly for Calcutta, to see if it was possible to get a pass, or do anything else. We spent the night and the next day at the tavern, without hearing anything from the ship, fearing that every European we saw was in search of us. Brother Rice returned from Calcutta, but had effected nothing. The owner of the vessel was highly offended at his ship being detained on our account, and would do nothing to assist us. We felt our situation was peculiarly trying, and could see no end to our difficulties.

Early the next morning we received a note from the captain, saying, *he* had liberty to proceed, but *we* must take our baggage from the vessel. We thought it not safe to continue at the tavern where we were, neither could we think of returning to Calcutta. But one way was left—to go down the river about sixteen miles, where there was another tavern. I went on board to see about our baggage, as the brethren did not think it safe for them to go. As we could get no boat at the place where we were, I requested the captain to let our things

remain until the vessel reached the other tavern, where I would try to get a boat. He consented, and told me I had better go in the vessel, as it would be unpleasant going so far in a small boat. I was obliged to go on shore again, to inform the brethren of this, and know what they would do. Brother Rice set out again for Calcutta, to try to get a passage to Ceylon, in a ship which was anchored near the place we were going to. Mr. J. took a small boat, in which was a small part of our baggage, to go down the river, while I got into the pilot's boat which he had sent on shore with me, to go to the ship. As I had been some time on shore, and the wind strong, the vessel had gone down some distance. Imagine how uncomfortable my situation: in a little boat, rowed by six natives, entirely alone, the river very rough, in consequence of the wind; without an umbrella or anything to screen me from the sun, which was very hot. The natives hoisted a large sail, which every now and then would almost tip the boat on one side. I manifested some fear to them, and to comfort me, they would constantly repeat, "Cutcha pho annah sahib, cutcha pho annah;" the meaning "Never fear, madam, never fear." After some time we came up with the ship, where I put our things in order, to be taken out in an hour or two. When we came opposite the tavern, the pilot kindly lent me his boat and servant to go on shore. I immediately procured a large boat to send to the ship for our baggage. I entered the tavern, a *stranger*, a *female*, and *unprotected*. I called for a room, and sat down to reflect on my disconsolate situation. I had nothing with me but a few rupees. I did not know that the boat which I sent after the vessel would overtake it, and if it did whether it would ever return with our baggage; neither did I know where Mr. J. was, or when he would come, or with what treatment I should meet at the tavern. I thought of home, and said to myself, "These are some of the many trials attendant on a missionary life, and which I have anticipated."

In a few hours Mr. Judson arrived, and toward night, our baggage. We had now given up all hope of going to the Isle of France, and concluded either to return to Calcutta, or to communicate our real situation to the tavern-keeper and

request him to assist us. As we thought the latter preferable, Mr. J. told our landlord our circumstances, and asked him if he would assist in getting us a passage to Ceylon. He said a friend of his was expected down the river the next day, who was captain of a vessel bound to Madras, and who, he did not doubt, would take us. This raised our sinking hopes. We waited two days; and on the third, which was Sabbath, the ship came in sight, and anchored directly before the house. We now expected the time of our deliverance had come. The tavern-keeper went on board to see the captain for us; but our hopes were again dashed, when he returned and said the captain could not take us. We determined, however, to see the captain ourselves, and endeavor to persuade him to let us have a passage at any rate. We had just sat down to supper, when a letter was handed us. We hastily opened it, and, to our great surprise and joy, in it was a *pass* from the magistrate, for us to go on board the Creole, the vessel we had left. Who procured this pass for us, or in what way, we are still ignorant; we could only view the hand of God and wonder. But we had every reason to expect the Creole had got out to sea, as it was three days since we left her. There was a possibility, however, of her having anchored at Saugur, seventy miles from where we then were. We had let our baggage continue in the boat into which it was first taken, therefore it was all in readiness; and after dark we all three got into the same boat and set out against the tide for Saugur. It was a most dreary night to me; but Mr. J. slept the greater part of the night. The next day we had a favorable wind, and before night reached Saugur, where were many ships at anchor, and among the rest we had the happiness to find the Creole. She had been anchored there two days, waiting for some of the ship's crew. I never enjoyed a sweeter moment in my life than that, when I was sure we were in sight of the Creole. After spending a fortnight in such anxiety, it was a very great relief to find ourselves safe on board the vessel in which we first embarked.

In these exploits of Mrs. Judson the elements of the heroine were revealed and developed. She was not

intent on saving her goods, desirable and necessary as they were to her; her heart was supremely fixed on her mission, and to her mind no plan was acceptable except that in which was contemplated an endeavor to go ahead. When Mr. Judson was away from her, devising and experimenting for success in some direction, she managed for the same end, alone. Amid "perils of waters," and perils of degraded boatmen, whom she did not know and could not address, as also in her lonely situation in a tavern on the bank of an Indian stream, she steadily kept her face to the foe of the Cross. The idea of finding herself in the midst of the heathen at last, encouraged her to hope, in her "dullest frames," that God would finally make her useful in saving some of their precious souls. Hence, when she came in sight of the Creole she rejoiced, and when she was aboard of it she, with the brethren, at once gave attention to learning the French language, which was spoken altogether on the Isle of France. A fortnight of anxiety and discomfiture, though not erasable from the memory, seemed as nothing compared with the prospect of going, not to a home of peace and love, but into the thick darkness of superstition, carrying the Light of Life.

The Creole, encountering contrary winds and suffering calms as well, made slow progress. It contained but four passengers, besides the missionaries and the captain's wife, yet these were so wicked as to be a source of trial to Mrs. Judson. After about seven weeks at sea they were made glad by arriving safely in port—Port Louis, Isle of France (or Mauritius), in the Indian Ocean, a few hundred miles east of Mada-

gascar. The island is about thirty-six miles long and thirty-two miles wide.

With what joy Mrs. Judson stepped again from ship to shore, and with what bright anticipations of greeting the beloved Mrs. Newell! Yet, alas! with what a severe disappointment! "Oh! what news! what distressing news! Harriet is dead! Harriet, my dear friend, my earliest associate in the mission, is no more! O Death, thou destroyer of domestic felicity, could not this wide world afford victims sufficient to satisfy thy cravings, without entering the family of a solitary few, whose comfort and happiness depended much on the society of each other! Could not this infant mission be shielded from thy shafts!"

The vessel bearing Mr. and Mrs. Newell from Calcutta, in consequence of storms sprung a leak and was compelled to put into Coringa for repairs. While in that port Mrs. Newell suffered severe sickness, but partially recovered. Before completing the voyage she became a mother; earlier than was anticipated. In a few days a storm of wind and rain came on, during which the infant took cold and died; and Mrs. Newell contracted illness from the same cause, resulting in consumption, of which she died about six weeks thereafter—November 30, 1812, the day Mr. and Mrs. Judson took passage on the Creole. The babe, little Harriet, was committed to a watery grave. The mother, dying about seven weeks after that event, and about four weeks after reaching land, was buried in a retired spot in the burying ground of Port Louis, under the shade of an evergreen.

Dr. Edward Judson, in the Life of his father, makes the following touching allusion to this sad event: "The Isle of France, the scene of St. Pierre's pathetic tale of 'Paul and Virginia,' was to our missionaries also, who took refuge here, a place of sorrow. They learned of a death which rivals in pathos the fate of Virginia. Mrs. Harriet Newell, the first American martyr to Foreign Missions, had only just survived the tempestuous voyage from Calcutta, and had been laid in the 'heathy ground' of Mauritius: one who 'for the love of Christ and immortal souls, left the bosom of her friends and found an early grave in a land of strangers.'"

The apostrophe by Mrs. Judson in a preceding paragraph, sufficiently indicates the anguish which the death of Mrs. Newell caused her; an event sharply suggestive of a brief tenure to life in her own case, and doubtless giving complexion to her thinking for many a day or for years. Only a person conscious of a great mission to fulfill, and having a perfect command of her faculties, could avoid being unfavorably and permanently affected by such circumstances as those under which she entered on a life in the Isle of France.

But Providence was not favorable to this place as a home and a field of labor for the missionaries now there. Within one week from the day the Creole landed Mrs. Judson entered in her diary, "No prospect of remaining long on this island. It seems as if there was no resting place for me on earth." Mr. Newell continued there but about three months when he went to Ceylon. Mr. Rice very soon had an attack of disease of the liver, and his health was found to be

F.

in a precarious condition; and, on this account, with a felt necessity for awakening American Baptists to an interest in foreign missions, it seemed best that he should visit the United States. He sailed in March, 1813, a little over a year from the time he left this country for India.

Thus Mr. and Mrs. Judson were left alone, and with little prospect of doing much good there. He appears to have limited his labors to the English garrison, to which he preached steadily and faithfully, but with a consciousness of not being engaged in the work he came to the East to perform. She remained at their quarters while he was away preaching, often lonely and given to self-examination and thoughts of death, and wondering when they should find "some little spot that she could call her home." Such mental exercises, sometimes thought to be profitable to the soul, if indulged for a great length of time lead to dejection if not to disease of the mind; and she was in danger of being weakened thereby instead of being nerved for the stern hour of strife. Still, her meditations uniformly ended with some exalted view of God, and in Him she trusted.

What were their means of support at this time the biographies do not state, though it is presumable that they still had some of the means which they brought from America, or, that they used the liberty given them to draw upon the Serampore Mission. Their connection with the Board of Commissioners had ceased, and there had not been time for a similar connection to be formed with the Baptists. Several months must intervene from the time of their baptism before

they would know how they and their movements were regarded at home, and that period had not yet elapsed. And still they pushed on as if not doubting the care of Him who controls the ravens and all other instrumentalities.

About four months had now been occupied on the island, and, though the governor would have been pleased with their continuance, and would have patronized a mission, they felt that they must go where there seemed to be a prospect of a permanent advance against heathenism. After much deliberation they determined to undertake the establishment of a mission on Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, lying in the Strait of Malacca, and not so very far from the locality contemplated in their earliest plans. But no opportunity appeared for procuring a passage to that island, direct from the Isle of France, so they resolved to go to Madras, with the hope of obtaining a passage from there. On May 7, 1813, they embarked in the Countess of Harcourt, and had a pleasant voyage, arriving on June 4th, and meeting with a cordial reception by the English missionaries there. But they were now again under the jurisdiction of the East India Company, and their arrival was announced to the Governor-General, who would very likely order them to go to England. Haste to get away to sea was very important, and as no vessel for Penang was in the harbor they concluded to take one bound for Rangoon, Burmah. They were shut up to a choice between this course and another arrest, with shipment to England.

Providence thus took all the plans into His own hands and carried them whither it pleased Him to have

them go. They would not have chosen Rangoon at the time, having regarded a mission there with "feelings of horror," but very soon they acquiesced in the divine disposing, and felt determined to make the most of the opportunity before them. Mrs. Judson even felt glad of the prospect of laboring for a people "who had never heard the sound of the Gospel, or read, in their own language, of the love of Christ." And though their trials should continue to be great and their privations severe, she would count them all as trifling compared to the privilege of presenting to the degraded and deluded Burmans the consolations and joys of the Gospel, and making them sharers with themselves "in joys as exalted as heaven, durable as eternity." She even strengthened her mind with the consideration that though she now bade adieu to "polished, refined, Christian society," she would henceforth live beyond the temptations peculiar to European settlements in the East.

Madras is on the west coast of the Bay of Bengal and Rangoon on the east, somewhat to the north. On the 22d of June they embarked for Rangoon, in the Georgiana, "a crazy old vessel," and "a small, dirty vessel," without suitable apartments for passengers. The captain was the only person aboard who could speak English. The passage was very tedious, and at one time very perilous. The ship was about to be driven and wrecked on the Andaman Islands, and this disaster was escaped only by steering it through a narrow channel between two of them. The wind being broken by the islands, the water was very smooth, yet the captain never before had been there,

and the coasts were inhabited by cannibals. Had a change occurred to cast it ashore, passengers and crew doubtless would have been killed and eaten by the natives.

Before leaving Madras, and by the advice and assistance of friends there, Mrs. Judson had procured a European woman-servant, and she had gone aboard the ship two days in advance of herself. This woman fell upon the deck in a fit and instantly died, before or immediately after the vessel left the shore. This circumstance took away Mrs. Judson's special and much-needed nurse, leaving her without either female attendant or medical adviser; and it so shocked her "frame and feelings" as to cause premature illness, and bring her near to the gates of death. Her only attendant was Dr. Judson, and her only apartment was what was made of canvas. The sea became very tempestuous, keeping the little craft in continual motion and the crew in tumultuous activity. The quietude of body and mind essential to her recovery it seemed impossible to secure, and in her darkness and distress she surrendered hope of living. But when the vessel entered the still water mentioned above she obtained rest and began to convalesce. The Providence in storm added new strength to her faith. And yet had she known the dangers still incurred—the black rocks beneath and the savage coasts on either hand—she would have continued to feel that there was no end of perils in pagan climes, and might have lost by fear more than she gained by quietness. There was a reality associated with that smooth sailing among the Andamans which the most ardent opposer of missions would scarcely be

disposed to construe into a romance. A third of a century thereafter, Mr. Judson, in referring to experiences of this voyage, remarked that "his first child slept beneath the waters of the Bay of Bengal, a victim to Anglo-Indian persecution, a baby-martyr, without the martyr's conflict."

On the eastern side of the island the vessel met with favorable winds which gently wafted it forward, giving its saintly patient further opportunity to recover. And after a voyage of three weeks under such trying circumstances, in which Mr. Judson "came to experience the awful sensation resulting from the expectation of an immediate separation from his beloved wife, the only remaining companion of his wanderings," the Georgiana came to harbor in Rangoon, July 13, 1813.

VI.

Rangoon—ANCHORING.

O, when will my wanderings terminate!—MRS. JUDSON.

“Not by appointment do we meet Delight or Joy,
They heed not our expectancy;
But round some corner in the streets of life
They on a sudden clasp us with a smile.”

WHAT a relief to both of them was another sight of land! To them, *terra firma* had come to be a phrase with a meaning. Yet Mrs. Judson could not now enjoy the satisfaction of stepping on it, inasmuch as she was unable to walk and had not left her bed for half an hour. Nor was she to be gratified with an immediate release from her noisome and noxious quarters. It seemed necessary for her to remain aboard until the following day, but Mr. Judson went ashore just at night to take a view of the place, and of the mission house in charge of Felix Carey. The prospect of Rangoon as they approached it was quite disheartening, and a closer observation was more so. “So dark and cheerless and unpromising did all things appear,” says Mr. Judson, “that the evening of that day, after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we have ever passed. Instead of rejoicing, as we ought to have done, in having found a heathen land from which we were

not immediately driven away, such were our weaknesses that we felt we had no portion left here below, and found consolation only in looking beyond our pilgrimage, which we tried to flatter ourselves would be short, to that peaceful region where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The next day Mrs. Judson was carried into the town. There was no method of conveyance except a horse, and she was unable to ride; and it was decided that she be carried in an arm-chair. Two bamboos were thrust through the chair, and the precious burden was thus taken upon the shoulders of the natives—"borne of four." "When they had carried me a little way into the town," she says, "they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered around, as they had seldom seen an English female. Being sick and weak I held my head down, which induced many of the native females to come very near and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They again took me up to carry, and the multitude of natives gave a shout, which much diverted us. They next carried me to a place they called the custom-house. It was a small, open shed, in which were seated on mats several natives, who were the custom-house officers. After searching Mr. Judson very closely, they asked liberty for a female to search me, to which I readily consented. I was then brought to the mission house, where I have entirely recovered my health."

How utterly unconscious were those bearers of the value of the frail being brought ashore! To the crowd she was a curiosity, a flower; to the nation a beneficent

power, destined to come into its recognition as such, and, after aiding in introducing a new religious faith, resting upon better promises, to be held in its grateful remembrance and ever increasing honor.

"Oh when will my wanderings terminate!" said Mrs. Judson, in her homeless situation on the Isle of France, at the time when the prospect of remaining there had vanished, and but a single week after arrival. Heretofore this dove of peace had been seeking a place on which to rest her foot. Nearly one and a half years had she spent "in journeyings often," having been turned aside frequently by vain, delusive hopes, and now she comes to the kingdom on which Mr. Judson had originally fixed his mind, and in the time of its great need. Had they come directly here at the first, they might have revolted at the sight before them, and concluded that they were mistaken as to the indications of Providence concerning them. But touching the margins of different places, and brief sojournings in some seats of paganism, had convinced them that man everywhere was vile. They were satisfied that they could not flee to another city with a hope of finding heathenism in less degraded forms. And now that they were beyond occasion to fear molestation by the British Government, whose flag should have been a sign of full protection, they settled down to the hard and tedious labor of introducing to benighted Burmah the Glad Tidings first heralded by angels above Judea's plains.

Rangoon is the chief seaport of the Burman Empire. It is on the Rangoon river, one of the outlets, and near the mouth of the Irrawaddy, the great

river of Farther India. The Irrawaddy forks at about ninety miles from the sea, the westward branch forming the Bassein river, and the eastward subdividing and finally entering the sea by ten mouths. One of the eastern branches is the Rangoon river. This system of water-ways rises far up in the mountains of northern Burmah; how far, may be inferred from the fact that it is navigable for river steamers as far as to Bhamo, 840 miles. Bhamo and Rangoon are thus two important strategical points for the conquest of Asia to Christ; the latter, about thirty miles from the sea, having a fine harbor and accessible by ships of 800 to 1,000 tons. Rangoon was the first place in the country occupied by American Baptist missions and Bhamo one of the latest.

An English traveler who passed through Rangoon at about the time the Judsons arrived there, as quoted by Dr. Edward Judson, described it as:

A miserable, dirty town, containing 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, the houses being built with bamboo and teak planks, with thatched roofs—almost without drainage, and intersected by muddy creeks, through which the tide flowed at high water. It had altogether a mean, uninviting appearance, but it was the city of government of an extensive province ruled over by a viceroy, a woongyee of the empire, in high favor at court.

Some missionary endeavor had been put forth in this city, beginning in 1807, when two English brethren came to it from Serampore. One of these, Mr. Mardon, remained but a few months; the other, Mr. Chater, was joined by Mr. Felix Carey, son of Dr. Wm. Carey, and soon after two others from the London Missionary Society also entered the mission. The work of trans-

lating the New Testament was prosecuted to some extent, but the mission was reduced, by death and removal, till Mr. Carey alone remained, and he decided to leave it also.

When Mr. and Mrs. Judson arrived, there were no helps at hand except parts of a grammar and dictionary and the partial translation mentioned. Mr. Carey was at Ava, the capital, by order of the king, and was wholly occupied with the king's business. Mrs. Carey, a native of the country, was still at the mission house in Rangoon, and she received Mr. and Mrs. Judson and provided them with a home. The house was erected by Mr. Chater; was located in a pleasant rural spot, half a mile from the walls of the town. It was large and convenient, and adapted to the climate, though unfinished. Connected with it were gardens enclosed, containing about two acres of ground, full of fruit trees of various kinds. Mrs. Judson now felt that she had a resting place; her health was restored, and she attained more true peace of mind and trust in the Savior than she had ever before experienced, and was more contented and happy than ever she had expected to be in such a situation. Mr. Carey, after being absent at Ava for about a year, and being ordered to reside there, returned and removed his family, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Judson again alone.* They applied themselves closely to the acquirement of the language, making some headway, and soon finding pleasure in conversing with the Burmans. Mrs. Judson was

*The brig in which Mr. Carey embarked upset in the river, and Mrs. Carey, two children, all the women-servants, and some of the men-servants who could not swim, were drowned.

equally as zealous as her husband in this pursuit; at the same time her habit of communing with God by means of His Word and by prayer became an increasing delight, and she grew strong in spirit and in desire for the redemption of the deluded heathen.

It was found, eventually, to be most desirable to live in the city. The mission house was near to the place where criminals were executed, and where offal was thrown, and not far from the place for burning the dead. It was also beyond the protection of the walls, exposed to the predatory excursions of wild beasts and of men scarcely better. On the 10th of January, 1814, they moved into town. Mrs. Judson, heroine that she was, makes the removal due only "partly through fear of robbers," and mentions the desire of being more with the natives, of learning more of their habits and manners, and of being in the way of getting the language much quicker.

It will be borne in mind that though in the midst of a populous city, the missionaries were still in a state of isolation. To be without the language of a people is to be without means of intelligent communication, without acquaintance and lonely. A large city in one's own country, without friendly acquaintance, conduces to loneliness equally with a wilderness; how much more a city where there is not even an affinity of tongues, and where dress and customs are so peculiar as to excite only curiosity and a stare. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were for the most part shut in, except as they formed with their Burman teachers the semblance of a society, or found in a transient English officer or sea captain an opportunity for a little conver-

sation. How very desirable were letters from home, and yet how infrequently were they received! The heralding of an incoming vessel was like a day-spring, and was made a matter of record in their journals as a hoped-for sign of tidings from over the sea. The least intelligence received, through any means, was "a great luxury." And the lone missionaries would sit down to the epistolary repast with feelings of mingled joy and fear, knowing that whilst it would present some occasion for rejoicing, there had been ample time since the preceding to justify the expectation of something sorrowful also. Then it would be so long before another!—would they not partake daintily and return often lest some crumb had been overlooked! The expense for postage, great as it was in that early time, could not be mentioned in connection with the value of the commodity for the carriage of which it paid.

And yet amid such enforced abstemiousness and exile, Mrs. Judson could but feel that "the man without a country" was the Burman. When she beheld the poor Burman, hungry and under a rapacious government ready to devour the little substance he may have gathered, sick and without a Good Samaritan to minister unto him, houseless and no law to assure to him the little bamboo shelter he may have erected, her heart was so drawn out for him as to cause her to feel that the land was to her one of milk and honey, in contrast with what it was to him. And then how infinitely superior were her spiritual blessings! Thus, by such secondary means as a comparison of her circumstances with those of the stolid

creatures about her, did she add to her lovely spirit the grace of contentment with her lot.

After twelve months of residence in Rangoon, Mrs. Judson's health was found to be in a state of decline, and as there was no medical aid in the country she felt it to be necessary to seek its restoration elsewhere. She therefore embarked for Madras, in January, 1815, leaving her husband to care for the mission, which very much needed his attention. To further show the loneliness of missionary life, in one of its most painful features, let it be considered that in all Rangoon during her absence, there was not a Christian with whom he could converse or unite in prayer. And the conversion of a soul, by which the blessed sympathy was to be created, was an event still several years in the future. Ah! there was a sympathetic heart, beyond the Bay of Bengal, which "bated not a jot of heart or hope," and in this trying separation found the same mercy seat accessible which had been the meeting-place of herself with her husband in so many precious hours in Rangoon. Returning after about three months, with health recovered, her heart experienced again the joys of helpful contact with his, in the service they had undertaken.

During the period thus far embraced by the narrative war had been raging in America. It was in progress on the sailing of the Caravan, and from that time the mails were under sharp surveillance, and it was difficult to transmit a letter through from Burmah to the United States. Mr. Judson remarks, in January, 1814, that he had not written a letter to America for nearly a year; while Mrs. Judson says of Burmah, that it is full

of commotion and uncertainty. And while the satisfaction of hearing from loved ones was thus precluded, they were for a long time doubtful as to their acceptance as missionaries, and as to the success of Brother Rice in creating missionary sentiment. Mr. Judson had communicated with prominent Baptists in Boston and vicinity, the first of September, and just before their baptism, in respect to their change of views and their willingness to labor under the patronage of the Baptists. In January the surprising news was received by Dr. Sharp, in Boston, and Dr. Bolles, in Salem, separately, and the same was soon spread abroad among the churches. The Baptists, as it proved, were in a condition to be elated by such tidings. They were rising, but they were comparatively few and weak, and the exhilaration of a little victory, though occurring without their instrumentality, and far from their sight, was peculiarly pleasant. They had not forgotten the stimulating voice of Mr. Judson, uttered before his departure, urging them to imitate the Baptists of Great Britain in a foreign missionary enterprise. The facts taken together—a trophy, a man of good repute and scholarship, a missionary, and already on the field and preparing for his work—were well calculated to arouse the denominational spirit of the churches; while the Providential gift cast into their lap was a rebuke for their seeming indifference to missions, and it appealed to the higher sentiment of loyalty to Him who had commanded His disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. And henceforward the Judson name was the talismanic word by which individuals and congregations were to be moved.

Mrs. H. C. Conant, in "The Earnest Man," referring to the new life created in America by the news from the East, says: "I recall, from my own childhood, vivid recollections of the enthusiasm which the topic of missions always awakened in the family circle; of the 'Mission Box' in the parlor, through whose lid many an offering to the cause was dropped by Christian visitors; of the jubilee in the house, when a letter arrived from Mrs. Judson, or the *Missionary Magazine* came, with joyful tidings of some new triumph of the Gospel in far-off Burmah."

Missionary societies sprang into existence in the individual churches, as if by magic, and several influential ministers of Massachusetts met at the home of Dr. Baldwin, in Boston, and there organized "The Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel in India and other Foreign Parts." This preceded the arrival in this country of Mr. Rice, though the knowledge of his baptism had been received and had increased the joy and enthusiasm of the brotherhood. Still there was a lack of confidence among them as to their ability to handle such an enterprise beyond the seas; they were without experience, and so soon as it arose to their vision in its proper proportions their rejoicing was with trembling, and they appealed to their brethren in England to take them under their wing for counsel and co-operation. The coalition was wisely declined; the American Baptists were left to their own wisdom and strength and zeal, with God as their helper, and the event proved a means of development to them far beyond the ordinary expectation. In the spring Mr. Rice arrived, and with his trumpet voice awakened those churches

still sleeping, and intensified the enthusiasm of those already awake. And yet he could only relate missionary experiences had by the English brethren, agreeable and commonplace as compared with what lay in the future of the American, for nothing was to be told of Mr. and Mrs. Judson except a year of wanderings and loneliness and obscurity, and hard study with little progress in the language. In fact, the basis of appeal was the command of Christ, the needs of the heathen world and two homeless missionaries casting themselves on our charity. When it is considered that the motive to missionary effort was to be sustained without a syllable of fact from the field, such as we now depend upon for the kindling of the missionary flame, the churches of that day must be credited with a high type of benevolence. The general movement, spontaneous and created, naturally ripened in the organization of the membership, and ultimately, May 14, 1814, in the formation of the "General Missionary Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States of America for Foreign Missions," which, on November 20, 1845, formed a new constitution and took the name "American Baptist Missionary Union," still embracing all the states; and, in the same year, "The Southern Baptist Convention" was formed.

In September, 1815, the report of their acceptance as missionaries reached the Judsons, bending over their books, and thinking of the "little meal" in the barrel, supplied by the mission at Serampore; and a comparison of dates indicates that the ship bringing it and that bearing Mr. Rice to America passed each other on the ocean. That little should remain from which

to gather information concerning this little matter of want and supply, which wrings woman's heart the world over, may be attributed to the burning of Mrs. Judson's papers by her own hand, or to that modest endurance and child-like trust that are better concealed than displayed. Nearly two years pass, during which the toilers pray and work and weep alone. The strong heart of Mr. Judson found its full counterpart in that of the school-girl of Bradford, his trust in whom had been more and more confirmed. And while, with an unwavering purpose, he could contemplate the Otaheite mission, prosecuted nearly twenty years before success came, and that under Dr. Thomas, in Bengal, which was carried on seventeen years before the first convert appeared, she could join her steady faith unto his, and await the tarrying vision, tarry it never so long. He asked for the return of his companion, Luther Rice, and for *bread*; she asked no more, and joined him in the one and only promise to the givers, that after some twenty or thirty years they might hear from them again.

VII.

Hopes—*RISING AND FALLING.*

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.

WORDSWORTH.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

DURING this period God opened that fountain in her heart which conduces to a new and higher development of wifely affection and a better sympathy with all. On September 11, 1815, she became the happy mother of a little son. She had no physician or assistant whatever, except her husband. They welcomed their own to the light of life, within the shadows of an idolatrous city which furnished no one familiar with medicine except a Portuguese priest. It was just as well—'twas better; for he stayed with them but a little while, and it left them with the pleasant reflection that they had ministered to the little beam in his coming, as they did in his stay and departure. "They felt not their solitude when he was with them." To Mrs. Judson he supplied entertainment for every waking hour; even the hours of painful anxiety, as the fever came and went and his

coughing and hard breathing made her struggle for her own breath, were to be remembered for the peculiar love that mingled with the pain, and his last sad night was to be registered with those in which a little light shining in great darkness was supreme in her heart. She would not have had that night expunged from her calendar had such a thing been possible. Her little Roger Williams, aged eight months, finally dropped asleep without a struggle, and was buried in a small inclosure at the farther side of the garden. He was the only legitimate child of foreign parents in the place, and was quite a curiosity to the Burmans, of whom a large number followed the corpse to its final resting place. Shortly after the burial, the viceroy's wife, with all of her officers of state and attendants, about two hundred, called to pay a visit of condolence. The mother had once carried the babe to her house, when she took the velvet cushion on which she usually sat and placed him on it, exclaiming, "What a child! How white!" The trial of losing him was magnified by the possibility that he might have served as a medium of introduction to many benighted women.

In a short time Mrs. Judson records these affecting words:

Since worship, I have stolen away to a much-loved spot, where I love to sit and pay the tribute of affection to my lost darling child. It is a little inclosure of mango trees, in the center of which is erected a small bamboo house on a rising spot of ground, which looks down on the new made grave of an infant boy. Here I now sit; and though all nature around wears a romantic, delightful appearance, yet my heart is sad, and my tears frequently stop my pen.

Some weeks after little Roger's death, another trial of a different character, and very unexpected, crossed their pathway, impeding their progress and somewhat diverting their attention from their recent bereavement. Mrs. Judson wrote: "All is Egyptian darkness around us—not a glimpse of light. Mr. Judson had just completed a tract in the Burman language, a summary of the Christian religion, when his eyes became so weak and his head so much affected that he was obliged to lay aside all study, and could not even look into an English book. * * * This we feel to be a severe affliction. My health is indifferent. We are anxiously looking for the arrival of the other missionaries, who we hope will strengthen this mission."

During the illness referred to, Mr. Judson, ever on the alert to find a way of procedure, found he could employ the time in composing a grammar of the language, from materials he had already acquired; and by giving attention to this work for a brief time he was enabled, on the third anniversary of his arrival in Rangoon, to complete a work which he called "Grammatical Notices of the Burman Language," and which was highly commended in critical notices. But his health seemed to require some expedient not yet tried, and a voyage to Calcutta was decided upon. In this the faithful wife was to accompany him; but the vessel having been delayed, the measure was relinquished.

At this time the arrival in Bengal of a reinforcement of the mission was announced—Rev. Geo. H. Hough and his wife. On reaching Calcutta they ascertained that Dr. Carey was in receipt of letters

from Mr. Judson, expressing a desire to have some small tracts printed at Serampore. The Doctor and his associates at once advised that a printing office be established at Rangoon, and with their characteristic liberality they presented to the mission there an outfit—press, types and other printing apparatus—which Mr. and Mrs. Hough took along, and which greatly increased the joy consequent on their arrival. No one on this side of the sea can realize what a dayspring this reinforcement was. And no one at all thoughtful will fail to reflect that Mrs. Judson would participate as fully in the benefits as would her husband, and that the support of her heart by means of a female companion would be of no small importance to the good of all and the advancement of the cause. The glad day of arrival was October 15, 1816, and it marked the beginning of advance movement in Burmah. The press was put into service; one thousand copies of a tract on the primary things of religion, and three thousand copies of a catechism were struck off, each of which excited considerable interest.

A year of activity and hopefulness now passed away, and then another of very trying experiences ensued. It was farthest from the apprehension of these tested saints that their next trial was to be a sea-going experience, and that, as it so often occurs in this world, the wife at home should share largely in the suffering consequent upon the adventure of the husband. Mr. Judson had conceived the idea of going to Chittagong, some distance to the north, to revive a mission that had been abandoned by the English Baptists, and to obtain one or two of the converts to be assistants at

Rangoon. He contemplated an absence of only three months, to result in the recuperation of his energies and other advantages to the mission at home. Leaving Rangoon December 25, 1817, the vessel soon encountered contrary winds, and on account of the difficulties of navigating along the coast it tacked about and made sail for Madras. It had been out thirty days already, and the unexpected loss of time and change of destination, taking him to a distant part of India contrary to his wishes, was a very bitter disappointment, mitigated only by the hope that he would be able to get passage from Madras back to Rangoon. But defeat still attended the ship. It failed to reach Madras also, but tacked again and ran into Masulipatam, three hundred miles north of Madras, whence he went by palanquin to the latter place and thence to Rangoon.

Beneath the simple recital of the main facts to the Board, Mr. Judson had a stinging remembrance of experiences during the trip, protracted to nearly eight months, which could not always remain unspoken. What revelations he may have made to Mrs. Judson, her fragmentary journal does not indicate; but the wife who came into his sympathies thirty years thereafter has left a graphic account of them, comprising one of the most thrilling passages in his entire history. We are, therefore, indebted to Mrs. Emily C. Judson for the following, received from his own lips:

He had prepared himself for only a few weeks' absence from home. When the vessel put in at Cheduba (on the Burman coast, towards Chittagong), the nervous affection of his head and eyes, occasioned at first by low diet, had so much

increased by exhaustion and lack of food, that he was unable to go on shore. When they approached the Coromandel coast (opposite side of the Bay of Bengal), and again encountered contrary winds, they were reduced to almost the last extremity, and the constitution of Mr. Judson sank under these accumulated hardships. The mouldy, broken rice, which they picked up from native vessels, and this in small quantities, with a limited supply of water, was their sole sustenance for three or four weeks. He was accustomed to look back on his sufferings at this time with a feeling of horror scarcely equaled by his reminiscences of Ava. Here he was alone in a state of passive, monotonous suffering, with no one to share his sympathies, and nothing to arouse his energies. His scanty wardrobe, prepared for a trip of ten or twelve days, had been long since exhausted, and what with starvation, filth, pain, and discouragement, he became unable to leave his berth. At last he was attacked by a slow fever, and turning in disgust from his little mess of dirty rice, he begged continually for water! water! water! without ever obtaining enough to quench, even for a moment, his devouring thirst. At length the vessel came to anchor in the mud of Masulipatam, some two or three miles from the low, uninviting beach, and the captain came to inquire if he would be taken on shore. The fact that they were near land seemed to him an incredible thing, a kind of dreamy illusion too fanciful to interest him. After some urging, however, he became sufficiently roused to pencil a note, which he addressed to "Any English resident of Masulipatam," begging only for a place on shore to die. After a little while one of the men came below to tell him that a boat was approaching from the shore. He now succeeded in crawling to the window of his cabin, from which he plainly distinguished, in the rapidly moving boat, both the red coat of the military and the white jacket of the civilian. In the first thrill of joyous surprise, the sudden awakening of hope and pleasure, he threw himself on his knees and wept. Before his new friends were fairly on board he had succeeded in gaining some little self-control; but he added, his voice faltering and his eyes filling with tears as he related the incident to the writer, "The white face of an Englishman never looked to me so beautiful, so

like the conception of what angel faces are, as when these strangers entered my cabin." They were very much shocked at his visible wretchedness; he was haggard, unshaven, dirty, and so weak that he could with difficulty support his own weight. Their earnest cordiality was peculiarly grateful to him. One of the officers took him to his own house, supplied him from his own wardrobe, procured a nurse, whom, however, he had occasion to employ but a short time, and displayed throughout a generous hospitality which Mr. Judson never forgot.

Another severe feature of this trial was, that to the failure of his undertaking was added the reflection that affairs at Rangoon, as he left them, did not admit of such a protracted absence, and, yet that he could not hear from them, nor in any way relieve the terrible anxiety concerning himself, which he had reason to believe was distressing the heart of her who was dearer to him than life. His gravest fears were well founded. She writes at the time:

Three months of Mr. Judson's absence had nearly expired, and we had begun to look for his return, when a native boat arrived, twelve days from Chittagong, bringing the distressing intelligence that neither Mr. Judson nor the vessel had been heard of at that port. I should not have given so much credit to this report as to have allowed its harassing my feelings, had it not been corroborated by communication from my friends at Bengal, who arrived just at this time. From the circumstance that the vessel had not reached the port of destination I knew not what conclusion to draw. Hope, at times, suggested the idea that the ship's course might have been altered, that she might yet be safe; but despondency more frequently strove to convince me that all was lost. Thus was I, for four months, in that agonizing state of suspense, which is frequently more oppressive than the most dreaded certainty.

Her suspense of four months by no means compassed the agony of the entire period of his absence, nor even that felt on account of his absence. Other circumstances of an exciting nature intervened. She had aimed to keep her mind preoccupied with duties of the mission, particularly the instruction of some Burman women, and thus do good while excluding painful thoughts and apprehensions as to her beloved husband. And while she succeeded in supplying her brains and hands with work, her attention was suddenly diverted by new and alarming occurrences in the city and mission. They were such as to cause her to feel the need of Mr. Judson's presence more, if possible, than ever before; so that new troubles did not make her oblivious to his detention, but added to them the weight of a possible bereavement and at a most critical juncture.

The mission was reduced to the last extremity, and would have been wholly abandoned, says Dr. Wayland, but for the conduct of that heroic woman. "Mr. Hough," she wrote, "received an order, couched in the most menacing language, to appear immediately at the court-house, to give an account of himself. This, so unlike any message we had ever before received from government, spread consternation and alarm among our teachers, domestics and coherents; some of whom followed Mr. Hough at a distance, and heard the appalling words from some of the officers, that a royal order had arrived for the banishment of all foreign teachers. As it was late when Mr. Hough arrived at the court-house, he was merely ordered to give security for his appearance at an early hour on

the approaching day, when, to use their own unfeeling language, 'if he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, they would write with his heart's blood.'"

Mrs. Judson was senior in the mission, and upon her rested the responsibility for deciding in emergencies, while her acquaintance qualified her to proceed when and where the others could not go. She was courageous in heart for whatever it was judicious to attempt. In the existing emergency the mission was deprived of the advantage afforded by the presence at the capital of a vicereine, through whom she might appeal to the viceroy. A change of administration seemed to leave her powerless in this respect, and it exposed the mission to all the ills that petty officers might be inclined to inflict. Still, like Esther, she determined to try to reach the ear of His Highness, using her teacher in drawing up the petition, and basing the appeal on the desecration committed in demanding Mr. Hough's appearance on the *sacred day*, and requesting that molestation might cease. On approaching the government house the viceroy discovered her, and kindly invited her to approach and make known her desires. What she requested was granted, and so Mr. Hough, after having been detained to answer a large number of trivial and taunting questions, without privilege of obtaining refreshment, was released, and an order given that he should be molested no more. But, in consequence of this uproar, Mrs. Judson's class of thirty or more Burman women was scattered and reduced to ten or twelve.

The cholera now began to rage among the natives, it being the hottest season of the year, and Rangoon was filled with consternation. The death drum was heard all the day, and, to expel the evil spirits to which the disease was attributed, cannons were fired and the houses beat with clubs, in the belief that they were to be frightened by a noise. But the disease abated not, though it passed by the mission premises, leaving its occupants unharmed. Added to this visitation was the rumor that Burmah was on the eve of a war with Great Britain, causing the English vessels in port to leave forthwith.

Mr. Judson had been absent six months and not a syllable of news about him had been received. It was not improbable that the vessel had foundered, or, if yet afloat, that an embargo would be placed on all English ships, in consequence of war, and that this last circumstance, if no other, would prevent intelligence of him from reaching Mrs. Judson. At this moment of doubt and uncertainty, Mr. Hough plead, as he had done before, that a complete removal to Bengal be effected at once. She had stood out strongly against such a summary disposal or destruction of the mission in Rangoon, but now, as all the ships except one had quietly weighed anchor and slipped away, the last incentive, personal safety, came forward with all the force of an insuperable argument. She yielded. "But," she says, "the uncertainty of meeting Mr. Judson in Bengal, and the possibility of his arriving in my absence, cause me to make preparations with a heavy heart. Sometimes I feel inclined to remain here alone, and hazard the consequences."

Passage on the only vessel remaining in the harbor was secured and paid for. True to the cause, even in this extremity, she retained Mr. Judson's teacher, that in case her almost forlorn hope should be realized—in case he should be met in Bengal, and be detained there, he might have the help to prosecute his studies in behalf of the nation she now seemed to be leaving. It is no abatement of her credit that the teacher, through fear, as a Burman, finally refused to go. This loss in her calculations tended to increase her disinclination to leave the mission. Suppose her husband should be making his way back, should terminate his compulsory voyaging, and, with a bounding heart, cross the common and the threshold only to find a vacant home, and to receive only an echo in response to his tender call! It was too much for a heart like hers to contemplate. Providentially the vessel was detained in the river, and when on the point of putting out to sea the captain and officers discovered that she was not seaworthy, as she was laded, and that she must be detained a day or two, or more, where she then was. This gave Mrs. Judson just the additional time necessary to confirm her mind and gird her soul for an effectual revolt against this departure. She rose in her might, brought circumstances under her control, and hastened back to the town. The captain sent her up in a boat, and her baggage on the following day. Reaching the place at evening, she sought lodgings at the house of the only remaining Englishman in the city, and next day went directly back to the mission-house, "to the great joy of all the Burmans left on the premises." Having disposed of what she could not have taken with her,

how desolate the place must have appeared! But the natives who had engaged her affections, were there; yes, and her God was with her. Modestly, but firmly, did she say, "I know I am surrounded with dangers on every hand, and expect to see much anxiety and distress; but at present I am tranquil, and intend to make an effort to pursue my studies as formerly, and leave the event with God."

Events proved, once more, that woman's intuition is more reliable in most instances than man's judgment; more especially, that a consecrated woman's impulse may be relied on for quick and satisfactory accomplishment where tardiness brings failure. Mr. and Mrs. Hough, finally seeing that the detention of the vessel would be somewhat protracted, also came back to town and remained at the mission-house several weeks; but they ultimately sailed for Bengal, carrying with them the greater part of the printing apparatus. Mrs. Judson stood to her work, and her faith and hope were fully realized. Within a month from the date of the attempted departure, light broke into the darkness. A vessel was announced, bringing him who was "all the world" to her, and whose presence assured the permanence and growth of the mission. Who can fully appreciate the feelings of the devoted wife and lone toiler, amid oppressive shadows and imminent perils, at the time she penned the following? "How will you rejoice with me, my dear parents, when I tell you that I have this moment heard that Mr. Judson has arrived at the mouth of the river! This joyful intelligence more than compensates for the months of dejection and distress which his long

absence has occasioned. Now I feel ashamed of my repinings, my want of confidence in God and resignation to His will. I have foolishly thought, because my trials were protracted, they would never end, or, rather, that they would terminate in some dreadful event which would destroy all hope of the final success of the mission. But now I trust our prospects will again brighten, and cause us to forget this night of affliction, or to remember it as having been the means of preparing us for the reception of that greatest of blessings—the conversion of some of the Burmans.”

It may safely be inferred, in view of the foregoing circumstances, that Mrs. Judson’s dejection was due more to the want of courageous souls for companions than to causes within herself—some one equal to herself, to suggest reasons for remaining as well as reasons for leaving, and able to abide by the deeper if not the more plausible reasons. Besides, is it not probable that a woman who is painfully sensitive to her own “repinings” and “want of confidence,” is one with whom these states are not habitual, in whom the particular exercises mentioned exist, after all, only in the minimum, and who has power of soul to rise above them? The course of Mrs. Judson in this trying ordeal must elevate her character in the judgment of every discerning reader. And, O, what increments of strength she gained thereby! It is not too much to believe that she at this time became conscious of the heroic element of her being, the presage and provision in her nature for some emergencies unusual to woman.

VIII.

Changes—GAINS AND LOSSES.

God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus.—II Cor., 7: 6.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

SHAKESPEARE.

AUGUST 2, 1818, was the day on which the ray of light penetrated the mission home at Rangoon. In a short time there was such glad fruition there as families seldom enjoy in this world, and as no one in a Christian land can experience. Any return from sea-going, after the limit of reasonable expectation has been passed, and the "light in the window" been removed, may present some points of correspondence; yet, unless it can be understood what a difference it makes whether there be some dear ones nigh to compensate for the absent, it cannot be known how joyous was the reunion of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, who were each other's sole, human dependence. Both were somewhat haggard and worn by their mutual solicitude and personal privations, and the first interchange of glances must have presented a scene for a painter. Yet, "each to each how dear!" And what peculiar emotions must have arisen during the alternate relation of experiences passed through when apart, particularly their painful

imaginings as to what Providence had allotted them respectively!

But this trial was now past, except the recovery of health and of the former status of affairs in the mission, and, well may it be added, the recollection by Mr. Judson of being blown about over the Bay of Bengal, in a state of despair—a remembrance producing, he says, “a feeling of horror scarcely equaled by his reminiscences of Ava.”

Five years had now gone by since the first American missionaries landed at Rangoon. Late in this period Mr. and Mrs. Hough had come with the printing outfit, and they were now ready to depart for Bengal and take it with them, as they did after a few weeks. But an event of a more cheering character was the arrival of Messrs. Colman and Wheelock and their wives, who brought loving hearts and cultured minds as a reinforcement of those so severely afflicted and worn. They reached Rangoon September 19, 1818, and “entered on their work with a simple-hearted Christian earnestness,” says Dr. Wayland, “which has embalmed their names in the memory of every friend of missions.”*

On the accession of these brethren, some new, special movement seemed to be possible and advisable.

* These young men were binary stars in the missionary sky, yet they were not long to continue there. Mr. Wheelock was very soon attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, terminating in consumption, and that form of it which results in mental derangement. Taking a voyage for his health he, in a fit of insanity, threw himself overboard and was drowned. This occurred just one year and one day after his arrival at Rangoon. Mr. Colman, a most valuable co-worker with Mr. Judson, and afterward a missionary on the confines of Chittagong, north, died of fever after less than four years in the country.

The laborers were still few—only three men and their wives—a very diminutive force in the midst of the wide, unsurveyed field presented in the nation of Burmah; but the three trebled the one, and the six the two, and of this simple fact Mr. Judson was in circumstances to be deeply and joyously conscious. To his mind it may have been so potent as to have emboldened him to take the step he had long desired and expected to take—to commence the open proclamation of the Gospel, in the face of the prohibitions of government. Contact of soul may precipitate action, when the great forces of discretion and courage have brought the mind all the way along to the acting point and halted there. Mr. Judson was just now ready, having some tracts and portions of Scripture in the hands of inquirers, to make the experiment of a public effort. Meantime, the other brethren, Colman and Wheelock, gave themselves zealously to the acquisition of the language.

Mr. Judson gave much of his time, for some months, to the erection of a *zayat*, a place of public resort, much needed for meeting the people; and on April 4, 1819, a little more than seven years from the embarkment at Salem, the first public service was held. It was a hazardous attempt, because a renunciation of the established religion was punishable with death, and those coming from another country to introduce a different religion, thereby brought the lives of the natives into jeopardy, and exposed themselves to the displeasure of the rulers.

A new experience to Mr. Judson brought a new experience also to Mrs. Judson. While his movements

engaged her sympathies, they likewise opened to her a new form of service. In this case she entered the zayat with him as a teacher. This building was only thirty or forty rods from the house, near a great road leading to one of the principal pagodas, and lined on both sides with other pagodas, and consequently much thronged. It was divided into three parts. The first division was laid open entirely to the highway, and therein Mr. Judson sat all day long, crying to the passers-by, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye," etc. The second was the middle room, large and airy, and the one used for public worship in Burmese on the Sabbath. This one Mrs. Judson also occupied as a school-room, and there she sat through the long school hours of the tropical days, patiently instructing a few pupils on their blackboards—large slates made black with charcoal and the juice of a leaf—and conversing with the women who called. She also held a meeting every Wednesday evening with the women.

This was a very bold effort on the part of the missionaries. They introduced the new religion in a conspicuous manner, yet not in an ostentatious way, by taking their position on Pagoda Road, which was constantly filled with natives going to worship. These idolaters' minds were necessarily occupied with thoughts and sentiments of religion, and being naturally inquisitive, it seemed that many of them would stop to inquire into the new religion, even at the risk of their lives. To them religion was life, anyhow, and they could at any time be entertained with doctrines concerning deities, however well grounded in their own views. The belief of the missionaries was at once

rewarded by inquirers. But so long had they been in preparing to receive them, that when the first one appeared the event became a memorable one, and the day of its occurrence an anniversary day. On April 30, 1819, MOUNG (Mr.) NAU, the first convert, made his first visit to the zayat. "He was then silent and reserved, and excited little attention or hope." But, repeating his call, he became an object of much interest, and finally avowed his determination to accept and adhere to Jesus Christ, believing him to be the only Savior. What joy thrilled the hero of seven years of toil and sufferings! And with what blessed sympathy did the heroine of the same participate with him in the first fruits! He says: "It seems almost too much to believe, that God has begun to manifest His grace to the Burmans; but this day I could not resist the delightful conviction that this is really the case. PRAISE AND GLORY BE TO HIS NAME FOR EVERMORE. AMEN."

On Sabbath, June 27, 1819, the first baptism occurred. It was a day of unutterable joy to the missionaries. There were several strangers at worship, and Mr. Judson examined MOUNG NAU concerning his faith, hope, and love, and also made the baptismal prayer, before going to the water. Then all proceeded to a large pond in the vicinity, and there, in the presence of an enormous image of Gaudama, the ordinance of baptism was administered for the first time and to the first convert in the Burman Empire. And on the next Sabbath the reapers gathered with this first sheaf at the Lord's Table, and there the extremes in space and civilization, made one in Christ, sat together and

commemorated the dying of their common Redeemer.

Mrs. Judson had MOUNG NAU under her instruction after his conversion, and she narrates the exercises of his mind in reaching for and grasping the truth, which show that the teachings of Christ commend themselves to the reason of men the world over. And while taking this care from her husband, she continued the meeting and teaching of the women. Inquirers multiplied, and the operations of the mission seemed to be attended with the divine favor. Two others professed faith and were urgently requesting baptism; a request that, after reasonable time had elapsed and satisfaction had been obtained by the missionaries, was granted. On November 7th these also were baptized. The scene, as described by Mr. Judson, was not only exceedingly interesting, but it also bore touches of heavenly beauty and sublimity: "About half an hour before sunset the two candidates came to the zayat, accompanied by three or four of their friends; and, after a short prayer, we proceeded to the spot where MOUNG NAU was baptized. The sun was not allowed to look upon the humble, timid profession. No wondering crowd crowned the overshadowing hill. No hymn of praise expressed the exulting feeling of joyous hearts. Stillness and solemnity pervaded the scene. We felt, on the banks of the water, as a little, feeble, solitary band. But perhaps some hovering angels took note of the event, with more interest than they witnessed the late coronation; perhaps Jesus looked down on us, pitied and forgave our weaknesses, and marked us for His own; perhaps, if we defy Him not, He will acknowledge us another day, more pub-

licly than we venture at present to acknowledge Him." In the evening all united in celebrating the Savior's dying love, in the Supper; and during the week the first Burman prayer meeting was held, and on the next Lord's Day "*the three converts repaired to the zayat, and held a prayer meeting of their own accord.*"

It was not to be expected that such prosperity and unruffled peace, in the first stages of progress, would long continue without interruption. The religion being introduced was really inimical to all other religions, and, therefore, must create hostility, especially from the government which protected the others. It was more a question of strategy than of peace, though it was hoped by the missionaries that formal conflict might be averted. The effect of their teaching came to be seen, and their proceedings were noised throughout the city. One such inquirer as Mounng Shway-gnong, a learned teacher, keen, inquisitive, sceptical, and polemical, was calculated to be an agitator. He was not firm, however, and having acknowledged some of the fundamental views of God, and, on fear of penalty, renounced them, and then apologized to the missionaries for having done so, he furnished ample occasion for a disturbance of the tranquillity about the mission. Within one month from the time of his first visit, there was an entire falling off in the visitors at the zayat. Mr. Judson sometimes sat there whole days without one, while many were passing constantly. But while this lack of interest was, in one respect, deplorable, it served to palliate the fear of persecution, since there would follow, almost inevita-

bly, a loss of confidence in the success of the new religion.

In view of the interruption of the zayat work, Mr. Judson felt that the cause of fear experienced by those contemplating the espousal of Christianity, must be removed. He believed that the business of the mission should be laid before the Emperor. In this view he had the sympathy of Mr. Colman, the only man associated with him now remaining. And though it is very easy for Baptists on this side of the ocean to offer strictures on this deference to civil government in matters of religion, yet some years of experience under an oppressor's rod would doubtless cause them to consider that some courses that are not justifiable in one set of circumstances are highly expedient in others. At this juncture it seemed evident that it would be vain to expect success unless the favor of the monarch were obtained.

Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman having determined on visiting the king, their wives were to pass through another period of anxiety; what it might be, Mrs. Judson could well imagine. On December 22, 1819, the brethren embarked in a boat they had succeeded in purchasing, after a week spent in searching. It was forty feet long by six feet wide, and was refitted in order to accommodate the company, which consisted of eighteen persons, ten of whom were oarsmen. They took with them a large number of presents, which were necessary to the access and service they expected to solicit; among them the Bible, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, in Burman style, and each volume inclosed in a rich wrapper. The Bible was

designed for the Emperor, and it was hoped that it would please his eye, irrespective of its character.*

The account of this trip is fully given in the *Memoirs of Judson*, by Wayland, and by Edward Judson, in the *Life of his father*. The trip was full of interest; in fact, it was a thrilling adventure, while it furnished a chapter of experiences that was not without profit to him who originated and conducted it. The passage up the river occupied a little over thirty days; the rate being about fifteen miles per day. It was attended with "perils of robbers," sleepless anxieties, exciting views, and much study of the course to be pursued at the capital. On arriving, every expedient was employed that promised to be at all helpful in accomplishing the end in view. The presents appeared to have the desired effect on the subordinates about the court, who encouraged the petitioners to think that success awaited them before the Golden Face, the "Sovereign of land and sea." The King heard the petition read, then read it himself deliberately, and passed it back without reply. He also took the tract, prepared in handsome form, and after reading one or two sentences, threw it down in disdain. The Bible was next offered, but of that he took no notice, remarking, through the interpreter, that he had no use for their sacred books — "take them away." It soon became apparent that their efforts were futile, and with heavy hearts they returned to their boat and to Rangoon, after having expended nearly two months of precious time and considerable money. Of course, their failure

* This copy of the Scriptures is on exhibition at the Museum of the Mission Rooms, Tremont Temple, Boston.

was a source of weakness to themselves, while they had exposed their cause to the jealous monarch, and rendered themselves obnoxious to his displeasure; and in declining to grant their petition he had virtually forbidden the propagation of Christianity, and might adduce the above circumstance on any occasion as a justification of persecution.

On the contrary, the expedition had taught the missionaries an important lesson and, at least, had induced them to relax all, even an imaginary dependence on human authorities as helpers of religion. At the same time it discouraged them as to achieving success under pagan rule, and they conceived the project of abandoning the country at once, and going where they would be under the protection of the British flag. The thousands of visitors to the zayat, with one accord, as it were, forsook the place, passed by it without turning the head, as if ashamed, or wishing to deny that they had ever been there. And why? Because the teacher, MOUNG SHWAY-GNONG, had been accused to the viceroy, and, as if intent on knowing the facts and administering penalty in case the accusation should be true, his majesty had ominously given the order, "Inquire further." That command was a "yellow flag" to the mission house.

While descending the Irrawaddy, in the night and till after the midnight hour, the discomfited missionaries discussed the prospects of the mission and the proper course to be pursued in the various possible contingencies in which they might find it. On their way they had been surprised to meet their old inquirer and troubler, MOUNG SHWAY-GNONG. To him they

mentioned the difficulties in the way of propagating the Christian religion in Burmah, and their determination to leave the Empire. He was found to be more favorable to the doctrines of Christianity than he had been, and he begged them not to leave Rangoon; exclaiming, "Say not so; there are some who will investigate." This interview, which was quite protracted, was the means of serious, individual reflection upon all the aspects of the case, continuing through most of the night. The balancing in mind of their repugnance to the forsaking of the post and the few converts, with their dread of making disciples to be imprisoned and tortured, was a somewhat new, as it was a very trying, experience. In this state of mind they reached Rangoon—February 18, 1820.

On the evening of the second day after their return they called together the three Burman converts and communicated to them a full account of the expedition to Ava, that they might have an understanding of the dangers of their present situation, and also stated to them their decision to quit Rangoon. The effect of this statement was surprising—a surprising joy. Whereas they had assumed that such intelligence would discourage, and had suspected that it would drive back to the world those who had come out and espoused Christ, or, at least, a part of them, they found it a satisfactory means of determining their steadfastness. They all appeared immovable and more zealous than ever before; they vied with each other in explaining away the difficulties, and in making the work appear hopeful. One of them soon returned with an inquirer and begged that they would not leave,

stating that he had been visiting his neighbors and had found some already examining the new religion. "Do stay a few months," said he. "Do stay until there are eight or ten disciples. Then appoint one to be the teacher of the rest. I shall not be concerned about the event; though you should leave the country, the religion will spread of itself. The emperor himself cannot stop it." Moungh Nau, the first disciple, came in and expressed himself in a similar strain. Afterward the third besought them: "Teacher, your intention of going away has filled us all with trouble. Is it good to forsake us thus? Notwithstanding present difficulties and dangers it is to be remembered that this work is not yours or ours, but the work of God. If He give light, the religion will spread. Nothing will impede it."

Such utterances from newly converted heathen, the first converts, who were without suggestion or example from others, somewhat astonished the missionaries and deeply affected their hearts. It would seem that they were in advance of their instruction; and the fact that much which was said was communicated some days after the first interview, shows that they were not the subjects of momentary impulse. They must have been led and enlightened by the Spirit. The missionaries could not restrain their tears; and they found it impossible to leave.

After counseling as to a new field, it was about decided to go to Chittagong, a district between Bengal and Arracan, under the dominion of Bengal, but inhabited chiefly by Arracanese, who speak a language similar to that of Burmah. An English missionary, DeBruyn,

had formerly labored there, and baptized several, who at his death were left without instruction. But when the importunities of the converts at Rangoon had been heard and felt, the plan was so far altered as to assign the new enterprise to Mr. Colman; Mr. Judson remaining at Rangoon. The disciples at Chittagong would form a nucleus of a church, and would be also a sort of refuge to which the missionaries and converts at Rangoon might flee in case of persecution, and a station to which new missionaries from the Board might at first repair. It would be a base of operations, or a temporary shelter. Rangoon, if found tenable, would ultimately be the base.

According to this plan, Mr. and Mrs. Colman embarked for Bengal, and proceeded thence to their new field, arriving in June, 1820. They erected a house in the midst of the native population, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of the language; and Mr. C. began to promulgate the truths of the Gospel publicly, when the animating prospect was blasted by his illness and death. He had changed his location to one less favorable to health—to Cox's Bazaar—but one more favorable to contact with ignorance, vice, and superstition, and there fell a martyr to his zeal, July 4, 1822, after a continuance of two years.

The circumstances just detailed form a part of the narrative in hand. Every change vitally concerned every laborer; and while Mr. Judson felt the absence, and, more especially, the subsequent death, of Mr. Colman, Mrs. Judson realized the departure of her associate, Mrs. Colman, and was once more deprived of her helpful presence. They labored on under an op-

pressive sense of the perils they incurred by their work, both to themselves and their disciples, but with a consciousness of divine approval as manifested in the fruits they reaped. Their experience with inquirers was a delightful entertainment, filled though it was with the deepest solicitude, while the new members, the faithful and loving Burmans, comforted their hearts by the daily exhibition of sincerity and spiritual-mindedness.

Another cloud now overshadowed them. Mrs. Judson was afflicted with liver complaint, and, though she had used the customary remedies for that day, including salivation, it was found that she must have more effective medical aid, as her constitution seemed likely to give way. The climate was about to take her life, and the professional help at Rangoon had no power to stay the result. A trip to Bengal was resolved upon, and she expected to undertake it without Mr. Judson's company, there being no one now, not a native, to whom the affairs of the mission might be temporarily entrusted; but she had become so weak as to render it impracticable for her to go without him. Preparations began at once, and in earnest, because a special opportunity for obtaining passage was presented; and should it be unimproved, several months would go by ere they should see another, if indeed Mrs. Judson should be alive.

The activity preceding the expected departure extended beyond the private affairs of the missionaries. The inquirers accelerated their movements, and began to request baptism. Some claimed that they were full believers, and wished to be baptized before the teacher

should go away, lest he might not return. After examining and re-examining two of them, admonishing them also as to the danger attending the profession of a foreign religion, and finding them clear and firm, he baptized them. The ship being detained, others came forward, deferently yet urgently, and before sailing Mr. Judson had baptized seven more, making a little company of ten native Christians, one of them a woman. All had professed Christ at the hazard of their lives. What must have been the gratification felt by Mrs. Judson, that while she might never return, a little church would stand in that wicked city as the fruit of her toils and sufferings, in part, and would be a beacon amid the darkness of paganism! How different the feeling from that experienced two years previous, when induced to embark for the same port through considerations of fear and despair! How satisfactory the verdict of time on her return to her loved but almost hopeless task, and how impressive the comment on moral heroism! Now she goes with a peaceful mind, because the care of her health is duty to the heathen as well as to others; yet not without a distressed heart, because the young Christians cling to her with a love that opens the fountain of tears.

On the morning of the departure, July 19, 1820, all met for worship. The converts participated, praying "with much propriety and feeling." At noon Mr. and Mrs. Judson started for the river, "followed by near a hundred people, the women crying aloud, in the Burman manner, and almost all deeply affected." A few went with them to the ship, which lay at some distance in the river; the rest remaining on the wharf.

bidding them farewell, and urging them to come back soon. They stood some time on the quarter-deck looking with loving interest on those they were leaving. New and better circumstances in missions may obscure such seemingly trivial experiences; but they were great in the hearts of those who passed through them, and they form some portion of the primary elements of early missionary history. In the detention of the ship another day, on account of the anchor being foul, "the teacher" (Moung Shway-gnong), who was one of the number recently baptized, espied the masts from his village, and came off in a boat with his wife and another woman. Many others, with some of the converts, also came aboard and remained as long as the stay of the vessel would admit. How grateful to their spiritual guides, particularly to the invalid seeking restoration for their sakes, were such evidences of attachment!

The ship got under way on the 20th; passed the customary examination at the search village on the next day, and on the third, at night, anchored near the Elephant, in full view of the sea. Here it was obliged to wait four days on account of the threatening appearance of the weather; and then it ventured over the bar and was soon out on the ocean. Mrs. Judson seemed to rally previous to the embarkation, and was, therefore, enabled to prepare for it, and to get on board with more ease and facility than had been expected. But her suffering returned, and with as much violence as ever, and the voyage seemed to be of no special benefit to her. The vessel arrived at Calcutta, August 18th, and the missionaries were received at the home of Mr.

Lawson. After some days they removed to Serampore, induced by the more healthful climate of that place, and found a resting place in the home of Mr. Hough, their former co-laborer at Rangoon.

For two months Mrs. Judson's health was alternately better and worse, and then her physician gave a definite opinion that she had a chronic affection of the liver, which could not be removed except by a voyage to America or a protracted stay in Bengal. And thereupon Mr. Judson saw the distressing necessity of parting from her and returning to the mission at Rangoon. She came with him to Calcutta, to cheer him forward as he embarked, and there meeting another physician of eminence, and receiving from him the opinion that, with prescriptions he would give, a return to Rangoon would be less dangerous than represented, she concluded to take passage with her husband, and trust life and health to the All-wise Father. The ship did not sail for about three weeks, and meantime they were very kindly cared for by different English missionaries residing in Calcutta, and by a young Christian brother from America, whose polite attentions gave him also a place in their journals and hearts. Taking leave of their cultured friends, with whom they enjoyed the comforts of civilized life, they turned their faces once more toward their adopted home, embarking in the *Salamanca*, the vessel which two years before conveyed Colman and Wheelock from the same port to the same destination.

The voyage from Bengal was very tedious, occupying nearly six weeks, on account of a continued succession of head-winds and calms; still it was thought

to be beneficial to Mrs. Judson. As the ship rounded toward the Elephant (or Elephant Grove, so called from its resemblance to the animal), a point that marks the western outlet of the Irrawaddy, the missionaries caught a glimpse of that familiar place, and the sight awakened old memories, old feelings of anxiety concerning the little flock, thirty miles up the river, which had been left undisciplined, unguarded and subject to every form of disaster. And with all the known and unknown difficulties, how did their hearts beat with strong emotions of desire to be once more with the dear converts, and to share their fortunes, while leading them heavenward. By that supernatural girding which invalids are known to receive under great stress of circumstances, Mrs. Judson must have been inspired with renewed life by the thought of so soon being permitted to feed the lambs again, in the wilderness and under the clouds where they had so long been without a shepherd.

The next day the pilot for the bar and river came aboard, and from him some gleams of intelligence were received. A new viceroy had been established in Rangoon, and thirty thousand troops had marched through the place to the frontiers of Siam, preparatory to a war with that country. What forebodings this may have created as to the consequences of a disturbance so near them, in the kingdom adjoining Burmah, may well be imagined.

One day more, and after an absence of nearly six months, the missionaries again lifted their eyes upon Rangoon. As they drew near to the town they strained their eyes to distinguish their friends in the

crowd assembled on the wharf. And who should be the first one recognized, if not the man who had been the subject of their doubts, beyond any one else—the veritable Moung Shway-gnong—with his hands raised to his head, either as an expression of joy or that he might the better discern them as they stood on deck. On landing they met other disciples also, with neighbors, men, women and children, who, after the necessary examination at the custom office, accompanied them to the mission house. Surely, such a demonstration, at so early a period in the history of the infant church, almost overwhelmed by the surrounding paganism, must have re-animated the patient, whose life had well-nigh gone out for its sake. The disciples assembled in the evening and all bowed in prayer, the hearts of all flowing forth in gratitude and praise.

IX.

Vicissitudes—HEALTH AND HOMING.

On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,
Thou dear, green valley of my native stream.
Bloomfield's Broken Crutch.

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

WALTER SCOTT.

IT is now one day after the arrival, January 6, 1821, and without waiting to perform domestic duties and putting her things in order, Mrs. Judson must go with her husband to the government house and pay her respects to the dignities there. The lady of the viceroy received her with marked familiarity, and informed her of the honors to which she had attained, mentioning the privilege of riding in a wau, a vehicle carried by forty or fifty men. The meek follower of Jesus before her, whom she supposed to be dependent on her smiles, might have told her of the surpassing honor to which her visitor was entitled—the privilege of at last walking with Christ in white, amid glories ineffable and unending.

On Lord's Day following, most of the disciples were present at the worship and the Supper, but some of them were unavoidably detained, in consequence of the distress which pressed upon all ranks of people,

occasioned by the expedition to Siam. During the absence of the missionaries the members, though almost destitute of the means of grace, and though forced by fear of heavy extortion and oppression from petty governmental officers to fly to the woods, nevertheless remained firm in the faith and in their attachment to the cause. Shortly Mrs. Judson went to Nandau-gong, a neighboring village, to select a spot for the erection of a small school-house, and there Mahmen-loy, one of the disciples, of her own good-will, opened a school in the precincts of her house, for the instruction of the boys and girls in reading, that they might not feel it to be necessary to resort to the priests for education.

In February, some six weeks after their previous visit, Mr. and Mrs. Judson again visited the viceroy and his lady, and were admitted to their inner apartment. Her Highness "gave some very interesting hints on the subject of religious toleration," promising to introduce them to the Emperor when he should visit Rangoon, in prosecution of the war with Siam; thus exciting hope that the present rule would be mild and not unfavorable to the missionary work. But afterward the impression was corrected by direct information to Mrs. Judson that toleration extended merely to foreigners resident in the Empire, and by no means to Burmans, who, being slaves of the Emperor, would not be allowed, with impunity, to renounce the religion of their Master. "It is a fact," said Mr. Judson at the time, "that except in our own private circle it is not known that a single individual has actually renounced Boodhism, and been initiated into the

Christian religion." What might be the storm of indignation when their work should become known, as it must, was certainly a cause of constant apprehension.

However, the cause moved on, with its alternate seasons of exaltation and depression, with few inquirers and with many, in hope and in dismay. But the time came when Mrs. Judson's health was found to be a matter of more serious concern than it had been for years. It was a grave matter that both she and Mr. Judson should be prostrated by an acute disorder, of the same nature and at the same time; but that he should rally in a few days, and she, after convalescing from the new trouble, be found under the malignant power of her old disease and be unable to rise—this was alarming. The liver complaint was now making such rapid advances as to preclude all hope of her recovery in this part of the world, and a conclusion was reached that she must go to America. The decision gave her great pain. "Those only who have been through a variety of toil and privation to obtain a darling object," she writes, "can realize how entirely every fibre of the heart adheres to that object, when secured. Had we encountered no difficulties, and suffered no privations in our attempts to form a Church of Christ under the government of a heathen despot, we should have been warmly attached to the individuals composing it, but should not have felt that tender solicitude and anxious affection which in the present case we experienced."

It was now nine and a half years since she left her native land, and after passing through scenes and successes of a constantly varying character, as antici-

pated, why should she not so rejoice in ending her first missionary decade among her kindred in America, as to make it impossible for her to cast "a longing, lingering look behind"—to the Egypt of her burdens and bondage to ills? Ah! the questioner does not realize the strength and preciousness of religious attachments; and only the devout soul, sympathizing with the redemptive work of God on the earth, could have sympathized with her, also, in the use of the following language: "Rangoon, from having been the theatre in which so much of the faithfulness, power, and mercy of God had been exhibited—from having been considered, for ten years past, as my home for life—and from a thousand interesting associations of ideas, had become the dearest spot on earth. Hence no ordinary consideration could have induced my departure."

Navigation was still slow and inter-communication between different parts of the globe quite irregular and infrequent. The departure of a vessel to or from the East was watched with great interest, and packages of letters to friends carefully and punctually prepared. Yet, even with painstaking, the missionaries did not expect to hear from home more than two or three times in a year, and when international troubles existed, still more seldom. When vessels were announced they expected to undergo some detention before receiving their mail, and in some cases were compelled to go aboard and search for it, as contained in separate boxes. But those were precious parcels that brought Bradford and Salem and Boston to their doors, giving them home and civilization for evening entertainment.

Mrs. Judson sailed for America August 21, 1821. How sorrowful the day was to the mission there is no means of knowing. An event of such a character, involving the prospective health or death of one so important to the cause in Rangoon, could not have passed without being generally noted, nor without being entered on the private journal of the sufferer. But the contingencies of war have left us with but a slight mention. The affectionate disciples who followed her to the river on her previous departure, to Bengal, must have been more deeply affected by the consideration that she was now to go beyond the seas, and for a long period. And this, the second and more virulent development of her disease left but little ground of hope that she would ever return. Still Mr. Judson endeavored to manifest the more hopeful element of his being, sending by her hand a playful letter to Mr. Hough, at Calcutta, who was to receive and help her on her way.

It will be borne in mind that passengers from Rangoon, for the West, did not go direct. They first sailed north-westerly to Bengal by local vessels, a distance of hundreds of miles, and there obtained further passage as best they could by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Mrs. Judson reached Calcutta September 22d, having been thirty-two days on the way. She was received and cared for by the missionaries in the kindest manner.

On her arrival in Calcutta she immediately began inquiring relative to a voyage to the United States. To her great disappointment she found that most of the American captains were not disposed to take pas-

sengers on account of having cargoes engaged to the extent of the tonnage of their vessels. Eastern merchantmen were then comparatively few, and to them traffic in the products of India was of chief importance. The accommodation of travel was secondary. One captain, however, offered to take her for 1,500 rupees— (nearly \$750). But she could not think of causing the Board so great an expense. By the suggestion of a chaplain's wife, Mrs. Thomason, she was induced to seek a passage to England, first, on account of the superior accommodations, medical advice, and ladies in company, in English ships. Mrs. T. aided her in arranging for a passage for 500 rupees, the condition of the fare being that she occupy a cabin with three children. The captain was a pious man; and she was quite well satisfied with the arrangement, inasmuch as health-seeking was her object, and a detention in England might be favorable, even though she were kept from her friends. What was further gratifying, the father of the children afterward very kindly offered to pay the entire price of the cabin, 4,000 rupees, thus enabling her to go as far as to England, the greater part of the distance home, free of expense.

She was detained in Calcutta for some time, as shown by her only letter from there, extant. It was dated December 8, 1821, two and a half months after her arrival, and in it there is no mention of the date of her expected departure. The same letter gives evidence of the noble martyr spirit of the woman, which will not be subordinated to earthly ties. She declares that should the pain in her side be removed while on the voyage to Europe, she will "return to India in the

same ship, and proceed immediately to Rangoon." But if relief should not be obtained she would proceed to America, and spend one winter in her native country. *One* winter—the last opportunity for visiting loved ones to be limited to a single season, that the heathen world might not lack an hour of service that she could possibly render, consistent with "the preservation of her life!" She says, even before leaving Calcutta: "I had a severe struggle relative to my *immediate* return to Rangoon, instead of going to England. But I did not venture to go contrary to the convictions of reason, to the opinion of an eminent and skillful physician, and the repeated injunctions of Mr. Judson."

While on the ocean she had a severe attack of her complaint, which confined her to her cabin for several days. During this time she availed herself of an opportunity to impress the subject of religion on the minds of two young ladies of rank and influence, who frequently inquired after her health, and who, at her request, read in her hearing such selections as she thought might have a salutary effect on their minds. To these readings she added much serious converse, and the seriousness thus created continued throughout the rest of the voyage; and we may believe that her fidelity was rewarded in something besides her own pleasant consciousness of having performed a plain and present duty.

The date of her arrival in England is not known, but the time of her leaving it would indicate that she must have spent some months there. She exercised no haste, and if her health had essentially improved

she would have arisen above all considerations of home and native land and yielded to the stronger attractions of her benevolent activities in the East. Finding that her name, as connected with the Burman mission, was a household word among the Christians of England, of all denominations, she saw an opportunity to widen and deepen the missionary conviction there, and, with somewhat improved health, she traveled and visited for that purpose. She was the special guest of Joseph Butterworth, Member of Parliament, a Methodist, who had very courteously urged her to accept his hospitalities, and who was so delighted with her and the information he derived from her conversations as to say that he had entertained an angel unawares. And while in his family she was favored with an introduction to many persons distinguished for learning and piety, including the great Wilberforce. What a contrast in her mind between these uncrowned kings in Israel and the stolid wretches who, in tinsel and gold, dominate a nation of superstitious, cowering slaves, and to whom she herself felt compelled to pay unwilling obeisance!

By recommendation of Mr. Butterworth she spent several weeks in Cheltenham, for the benefit of its mineral waters. She also accepted a pressing invitation to visit Scotland, with all her expenses defrayed, and there she passed several weeks in the enjoyment of the best Christian hospitality. She was greatly built up, in body and in soul, by the attentions received in Great Britain. "Often has she mentioned," says a friend, "with the brightest glow of affection, the high-toned piety of English and Scottish Christians, and the

prelibations of heaven, which she enjoyed in their society."

While in Scotland she received a request from the Board in America to proceed in her journey by the packet bound to New York. She accordingly went to Liverpool for embarkation, and there was persuaded to take a more commodious vessel, by a number of Liverpool ladies who generously defrayed the expense of her passage, and on August 16, 1822, about one year from the time of leaving the shores of Burmah, she again set her face toward the setting sun. She had an escort for about fifty miles, consisting of two gentlemen and three ladies, and after their return she was alone on the great deep, committed to her thoughts and to her God. There was not a lady on board with whom she could converse, yet how entertaining were the thoughts of her new friends "who had become inexpressibly endeared to her by many valuable presents and innumerable acts of kindness!" Yes, and the forward look! "The next land I tread," she says, "will be my own native soil, ever-loved America, the land of my birth. I cannot realize that I shall ever again find myself in my own dear home at Bradford, amid the scenes of my early youth, where every spot is associated with some tender recollection. But the constant idea that my dear J. is not a participator of my joys will mar them all."

Such were the reflections, in part, indulged immediately after bidding her friends farewell, in the offing at Liverpool. Traveling around the globe in those days, with the partings going before, and the greetings coming after, had a far deeper significance than it has

now. It was not a girl's vacation tour, and it required a woman intent on some great end to navigate the high seas, at the risk of her life, and with separations that involved a possible and irreparable loss to every earthly friend. The inviting sails often spread their wings to reluctant breezes, and the calm which now delights the steamer saddened the ship. Time lengthened the miles and protracted the journey and its perils. It was something for Mrs. Judson to double the hemisphere in the early part of the century, and that, too, in a very circuitous way, and with a decade of hardships intervening, but it has now been done, and the *Amity*, five weeks from Liverpool, brings her safely back to her own shores.

X.

America—SHUT IN.

Great God, we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!

WILLIAM J. PABODIE.

Thou art like night, O Sickness! deeply stilling
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
With low, sweet voices, by life's tumult drown'd.

MRS. HEMANS.

“THE visit of Mrs. Judson to the United States forms an epoch of no inconsiderable importance in the progress of interest in missions, among the churches of various denominations in this country.”—(*Gammell*.) She had three ends to attain:—health, promotion of missions, and the visitation of friends. The first was supreme, and no other could have induced the return; and so soon as it seemed to be assured, or whenever it was such as to admit of anything beyond its care, she was ready to undertake some labor for the cause to which her life was pledged. Then, when it appeared to be compatible with both of the above, not involving the neglect of either health or missionary interests, the friends of her heart were permitted to share her attentions, and to repay her in that

thoughtful kindness so grateful to her feelings and so important to her complete recovery. She was the first woman missionary to make her return to America. The cause of foreign missions was in its infancy, and the "little one" created more attention, relatively, than the same now does in its manhood. She must be seen and heard.

Arriving at New York harbor September 25, 1822, she ascertained that the yellow fever was prevailing on shore, and felt that prudence forbade her landing. Accordingly she proceeded to Philadelphia, where she arrived on the 27th. It was her intention to pass a week here, and then go to Providence, and from there to her husband's and her own home. But she immediately encountered the great Dr. Wm. Staughton, at that time Corresponding Secretary of the Board, who wished her to go on to Washington; and by complying with this request, of importance to the cause, she was detained in that part of the country for some days longer. While in Philadelphia, where, less than nine years previously, the Triennial Convention was organized, having been brought into existence through the emergency created by the change of relations of herself and her husband, and of which theirs were the first appointments, she had opportunity to meet some of the noble souls who came to their relief, and were then moving right on, "attempting great things for God, and expecting great things from God." To meet Dr. Staughton was to feel the pulsings of the great soul which had thus far been known to her only through his letters. And sermons from the men who had the care of missions, heard in her own country, was a luxury to be remembered.

After a short stay in Philadelphia, she hastened to meet her parents and friends in Bradford. Here, in the bosom of her native home, she had hoped so far to regain her health as to be enabled to embark again for Burmah early in the ensuing spring. But the excitement of feeling produced by this visit to the scenes and the friends of her childhood, and the exhaustion of strength, resulting from the necessity of meeting and conversing with numerous visitors, added to the effect of the cold climate of New England on a constitution so long accustomed to the tropical heat of Burmah, obliged her to leave Bradford, after a stay of six weeks, and spend the winter in Baltimore.—*Knowles*.

The above is a correct interpretation of her own words, as found in her correspondence. Having hastened from Bradford, we find the following statement of this somewhat remarkable case in one of her early letters from Baltimore:

I had never *fully* counted the cost of a visit to my dear native country and beloved relatives. I did not expect that a scene which I had anticipated *as so joyous*, was destined to give my health and constitution a shock which would require months to repair. During my passage from England my health was most perfect; not the least symptom of my original disorder remained. But from the day of my arrival, the idea that I was once more on American ground banished all peace and quiet from my mind, and for the first four days and nights I never closed my eyes to sleep! This circumstance, together with dwelling on my anticipated meeting with my friends, occasioned the most alarming apprehensions. Still, however, I flattered myself, that after my first meeting with my friends was over, I should gradually recover my composure, and hastened my departure for the eastward. I reached my father's in about a fortnight after my arrival in this country—and had not been able to procure a single night's sleep. The scene which ensued brought my feelings to a crisis, nature was quite exhausted, and I began to fear I would sink. I

was kept in a state of constant excitement, by daily meeting with my old friends and acquaintances; and during the whole six weeks of my residence at my father's I had *not one* quiet night's rest. I felt the cold most severely, and found as that increased, my cough increased.

Dr. Elnathan Judson, her husband's only brother, a physician of some repute, under the government, resided in Baltimore, and he induced Mrs. Judson to submit to his treatment in a course of salivation, insisting that should she, with her Indian constitution, salivate at the North, the most dangerous consequences would ensue. The remedy proposed was in common use in that day, and was one to which she had inured her system in India. She shut herself in, hoping that freedom from company and a diligent application of the means would bring about the desired result. This necessary seclusion in her own land, was, in itself, an unexpected form of self-denial which could have been endured only under the recognition of her supreme duty to herself, for the sake of the Burman mission. Every hour thus spent was a felt loss at home and a hoped-for gain abroad, not to mention the bodily suffering continually experienced. The surprise is that the consciousness of this deprivation of her friends in their very midst, and of its possible continuance for a considerable part of the period allotted for her stay in the country, evidently never to be visited again, did not of itself aggravate her disease by creating nervousness of a serious character. If ever a woman needed grace she needed it at that time. Yet to self-denial she had been accustomed, and to compulsory destitution of society in a foreign land she could add a short

lesson of solitude in her own country, hard and ill-timed as it was.

But, while in the judgment of the observer at least, nothing could have been better for Mrs. Judson, under ordinary circumstances, than entire freedom to enjoy her friends during her brief respite, yet the situation had its compensations, and she, with an eye practiced to observe Providential ways in all things, was the person to discover them. In one of her letters she takes pains to say: "The retired life I now lead is much more congenial to my feelings, and much more favorable to religious enjoyment, than when in England and America, where I was kept in a continual bustle of company. Yes, it is in retirement that our languishing graces are revived, our affections raised to God, and our souls refreshed and quickened by the influences of the Holy Spirit."

Besides, while in her "old employment of taking mercury," thoughts of Burmah and the "wan reaper" there possessed her mind for the most of the time. And being under promise to Mr. Butterworth, of London, to write a succinct account of the Burman Mission, for publication, she also gave considerable attention to this work, which she commenced while on her passage from England. She found much pleasure in the consideration that she should thus be able to give to her friends, not only in England, but in America as well, that information relative to the Burman Empire which, in her state of health, she could not verbally communicate. The work gave an account of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah—its origin, progress, and success; consisting principally in a compi-

lation of those letters and documents transmitted to friends in America, interspersed with accounts of the population, manners, and customs of the Burmans. It evinces a clear understanding and excellent taste in the writer. The copyright was presented to the Convention. It is believed to have been very useful in enlightening the people as to the state of things in India, and the every-day life, trials, and triumphs of the missionaries, and, thus, in awakening interest in missions. An edition was issued in Great Britain entitled, "An account of the American Baptist Mission to the Burman Empire: In a Series of Letters, addressed to a gentleman in London." It was published in London by J. Butterworth and Son, and in Edinburgh by T. Clark, A. D. 1823.

As the winter wore away, Mrs. Judson's health gave alternate symptoms of improvement and decline. At length the disease of the liver appeared to be removed, but the disease of the lungs became more malignant, and for this she had submitted to exhaustive bleedings at the arm. The reduction of the system thus experienced prevented her early return to New England. An hour's ride fatigued her. Her labors on the Burman history, with the help of an assistant copyist, had occupied about five hours a day; and though entertaining, in her seclusion, they were nevertheless exhausting. Her letters during the winter breathed the deepest anxieties for the conversion of souls; scarcely one, in preservation, that does not express a longing desire for revivals in the churches. As she became stronger she held a "little female prayer meeting" in her chamber, which was very

precious. News came from Mr. Judson that God was doing wonders in Rangoon; five more had been baptized, making eighteen in all, and of the number were three females who had attended her Wednesday meeting, and had now established a *female prayer meeting*. Such progress was wonderful—for that day. "Is not this encouraging?" she writes. And later: "I long to be in Rangoon, and am anxiously hoping to get away this spring. Do make inquiries relative to the sailing of ships from Boston and Salem. I must not miss one good opportunity."

It was now the middle of March, and although she had been deprived of the society of her friends during nearly all of her stay in the country, she was determined to sail very soon. She went on to Washington, where she occupied some weeks in correcting and superintending the proof sheets of her history. While there she visited Columbian College and met the students in a prayer meeting. And being detained South, through fear of inability to endure the journey to Boston, she concluded to remain longer and attend the Triennial Convention to be held in that city, in the hope of exciting more attention to the subject of missions. The stay was quite favorable to the object. "The Convention appointed a committee to confer with her respecting the Burman Mission, and at her suggestion several important measures were adopted. Her conversation and statements produced, on the members of the Convention, the same effect which had resulted from her intercourse with other individuals since her arrival—a deeper concern in the interests of the mission; a more lively conviction of the duty of

the American Baptist churches to sustain and enlarge it; and a stronger disposition to pray for its prosperity and to contribute liberally for its support."—*Knowles*. About this time, her "History of the Burman Mission" was published, the copyright of which she presented to the Convention. And, besides, to the great joy of her heart, Jonathan Wade and his wife were designated missionaries to Burmah, and were instructed to sail with her.

The Convention assembled April 30, 1823, and after its adjournment, Mrs. Judson returned to Massachusetts. Her health was but partially restored, and she was earnestly besought to remain in the country another year; but she resisted every reason presented and prepared to take a second, and, as she was convinced, a final farewell of her friends and country. "There was at times," says her biographer, "an almost prophetic foreboding in her mind, as if 'coming events cast their shadows before.' But she resolved to return, whatever might be the will of God respecting the mission or herself."

She negotiated for a passage on the ship *Edward Newton*, transacting the business both for herself and for Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and securing "excellent, clean and airy" accommodations for \$1,200, for all. She then had a week in which to make her final preparations and visit her friends, subordinating her affections, as heretofore, to considerations of health. "I am doubting," she says, "whether I ought to visit Bradford again, or not. My nerves are in such a state that I have to make every possible exertion to keep them quiet. It will only increase my agitation to take

a formal leave of my friends and home." It does not appear that she spent more than the first period of six weeks at Bradford—and those weeks of sleeplessness and suffering—notwithstanding that the time of her absence from Rangoon was over two years and three months.

On Lord's Day, June 21, 1823, they went on Board the ship *Edward Newton*, Captain Bertody. They were accompanied by a large concourse of Christian friends to the wharf, where fervent prayer, by Rev. Dr. Baldwin, was offered up to Him, who holds the winds in his fist, and rules the boisterous deep. The parting scene was peculiarly tender and affecting to many. As the boat moved from the shore towards the ship, at the particular request of Mrs. Wade, the company united in singing the favorite hymn, "From whence doth this union arise?" The missionary friends manifested much composure, as they receded from the land of their nativity, probably never more to return.—*Knowles*.

Prof. Gammell forcibly remarks:

The influence which Mrs. Judson exerted in favor of the cause of missions during her brief residence of eight or nine months in the United States, it is now (1849) hardly possible to estimate. She enlisted more fully in the cause not a few leading minds, who have since rendered it signal service, both by eloquent vindications, and by judicious counsels; and by the appeals which she addressed to Christians of her own sex, and her fervid conversations with persons of all classes and denominations in America, as well as by the views which she submitted to the managers of the mission, a new zeal for its prosecution was everywhere created, and the missionary enterprise, instead of being regarded with doubt and misgiving, as it had been by many, even among Christians, began to be understood in its higher relations to all the hopes of man, and to be contemplated in its true grandeur, and its ennobling, moral dignity.

Her conversations were manifestly limited in number, on account of her illness; but that they were "fervid" no one can doubt; the era of missions bears testimony. Her character was not demonstrative but potent. She wanted her favorite topic introduced, then she was all aglow; as an interesting and influential woman she had few superiors. A biographer of Mr. Judson makes the following complimentary reference to her:

It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Mrs. Judson during this visit to the United States. I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve, and were hidden from public view by a veil of unusual feminine delicacy. To an ordinary observer she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred, and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and a power of resolute endurance even unto death. When I saw her, her complexion bore that sallow hue which commonly follows residence in the East Indies. Her countenance at first seemed, when in repose, deficient in expression. As she found herself among her friends who were interested in the Burman Mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women.—*Dr. Francis Wayland.*

XI.

The Return—AUXILIARIES—AVA.

Home, kindred, friends, and country—these
Are things with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart;
And yet! 'tis hard to be resigned,
When we must leave them all behind!

MONTGOMERY—"Farewell to a Missionary."

ON June 22, 1823, the Edward Newton weighed anchor at Boston, with its precious charge—the "sallow-hued" servant of Christ, hastening back to her loved employ, and the two recruits for the same service. "They bore with them," says Professor Gammell, "a letter to the Emperor of Burmah, and a valuable present from the Convention, such as was thought to be fitted to excite the interest of his Burman majesty, and to conciliate his favor towards the missionaries." It will naturally occur to the reader to inquire how a body that sends out its ambassadors bearing gifts, can offer any strictures on the course of Messrs. Judson and Colman in going with gifts to the King for essentially the same purpose—viz., protection. The little company arrived at Calcutta, October 19th, and at Rangoon December 5th, same year.

The period of Mrs. Judson's absence, a little more than two years and three months, was characterized by activity in the mission. For nearly four months Mr. Judson was entirely alone. But though his sympathetic nature was unsatisfied, for want of congenial society, he was none the less faithful to his work. He had made up his mind, he says, "to have his right arm amputated, and his right eye extracted, which the doctors said were necessary in order to prevent a decay and mortification of the whole body conjugal." The nature that is characterized by such strong sympathies is one that is not only keenly alive to even temporary bereavement but likewise is adapted to the kind of work he took upon his hands and heart. The long separations, already several times borne, and the long intervals of silence by which they were aggravated, did not dull the sense of mutual reliance, certainly not his; and yet it was his joy to labor alone, rather than that labor should not be performed. Early in December, Rev. Jonathan Price, M. D., a missionary physician, arrived with his wife; and in January following Mr. Hough and his family returned from Calcutta, making quite a family in the mission.

The direction of Mr. Judson's labors during the above period was not essentially changed; he had reached the proper course, and he aimed to follow it, viz.: do all the teaching and preaching at all admissible under the government, as the Scripture method of evangelization, and meantime, especially during interruptions of such labor, push the work of translation. He was successful in both. Several were added to the little mission church, greatly rejoicing the heart of

Mrs. Judson in America, who was "well acquainted with the name of every one," and causing her to be impatient to start back. On her arrival she was greeted not only by a glad husband, who had not received a word of intelligence from her for ten months, but likewise by a happy church of eighteen, with a New Testament in Burmese. This pleasant and encouraging state of affairs had "its sorrow, too," consequent on the death of one of the native Christians, Moung Thahlah, and also the death of Mrs. Price, which occurred in less than five months from the time of her arrival. The former was called away after an illness of nineteen hours, and was insensible before Mr. Judson was informed in reference to him; the latter was "peaceful and happy in the prospect of death," and was buried by the side of Mrs. Judson's "little Roger."*

Dr. Price at once commenced the practice of medicine in Rangoon. His profession immediately drew attention to him, the healing art being wonderfully adapted to awaken superstitious minds, and to put them into either awe or fear of him who practices it. His success in several operations, particularly on the eyes of those suffering from cataract, was noised abroad, and, very naturally, was reported to the Emperor, who took special cognizance of every semblance

*Dr. Price married a native, as his second wife. In the practice of his profession he had treated her eyes, and, though very skillful, as skill was reckoned in his day, he had made a failure of the case, and she lost her sight. By a peculiar dictate of conscience he then felt it to be his duty to marry her. A recent traveler, searching through the old cemetery at Ava, found her tomb-stone, containing an elaborate inscription, in both English and Burmese.

of power over the bodies of his subjects. An order was at once given for Brother Price to appear before the Golden Face, at the capital. Obedience was peremptory. And it was necessary that Mr. Judson accompany him, as an interpreter, and as an aid to him in going through the formalities of the Court. And while he had no pleasant associations of Ava to carry in his memory, he thought there might be a remaining possibility of making some favorable impressions on the monarch, through the "medicine man."

They dropped their work at Rangoon, and, taking passage in a boat furnished at the government's expense, they reached Ava in thirty days, and presented themselves at the palace. Dr. Price received special attention, and Mr. Judson no attention, at first, except as interpreter. The King ordered a house (a shed) erected for his visitors; and they went to see him each morning. But, afterward, Mr. Judson obtained a lot, pleasantly situated about a mile from the palace, and there built a small house; it being insisted by the disposer, who declined to receive pay, that the ownership of the ground remained with him if they should cease to occupy it, "lest it become American territory." There seemed to be an apprehension that the American government might undertake to establish jurisdiction there, as the English had done in Bengal.

After about four months of visitation at the royal court, Mr. Judson deemed it necessary to return to Rangoon, but Dr. Price remained, by special desire of the Emperor, who aided him in building a house. The "medical man" was in high favor with all the authorities, and Mr. Judson somewhat more so than previ-

ously, on account of his assistance to Dr. P. in his presentations at Court, and the interest he had created in religious investigations. He felt hopeful as to the planting of a church at Ava. He returned, with the assurance of the Prince, a half-brother to the King, to whom and to whose wife he had communicated much truth respecting the Christian religion, that "though the King would not himself persecute any one on account of religion, he would not give any order exempting from persecution, but would leave his subjects throughout the Empire to the regular administration of the local authorities." And the King expressed a desire that he should return. Thus encouraged, and with Mr. and Mrs. Hough, and, prospectively, Mr. and Mrs. Wade at Rangoon, he decided to remove to Ava as soon as Mrs. Judson should arrive; and he began to make preparations therefor.

Ten months passed away, however, from the date of his arrival from Ava to that of hers from America. This period was one of great activity on his part. The little church had been somewhat scattered by the extortions and persecutions of the government, and required much attention. Then the translation of the New Testament was resumed with great earnestness and brought to completion. He also prepared, as an introduction to it, a Summary of Scripture History and an abstract of the prophecies of the Messiah and His Kingdom, all of which were received with the utmost eagerness by the native Christians.

On December 5, 1823, Mrs. Judson, with Mr. and Mrs. Wade, reached Rangoon, giving Mr. Judson "inexpressible happiness." They found him in a state of

readiness to depart for Ava, and in eight days Mr. and Mrs. Judson were on their way to the capital, full of hope and courage. It was a trial to them to leave the scenes of their ten years' toil, just at the opening of their prospect under a translated Gospel, with a little grave behind them, and also the first-born of their spiritual sorrows and joys—a Burman church. But they were flattered with the new prospect, that of establishing another light, even at the capital of the Empire, which should irradiate the gloom to a greater extent. It had been written to them by Dr. Price that the King had often spoken of Mr. Judson, and had inquired why he delayed his return; also that the Queen had expressed a strong desire to see Mrs. Judson in her foreign dress. Such circumstances, added to the increasing favor enjoyed during the sojourn at Ava, tended to build up their hopes.

The passage up the Irrawaddy proved to be tedious and uncomfortable, occupying six weeks. The current was strong and the wind against them. The boat was small and came near being capsized in one of the rapids. Its progress was so slow that they often walked on the bank in advance of it, apparently for relief from the tedium, and to do a little good. They "always attracted universal attention," says Mrs. Judson, but "never received the least insult. A foreign female was a sight never before beheld, and all were anxious that their friends and relatives should have a view. Crowds followed us through the villages, and some who were less civilized than others would run some way before us, in order to have a *long* look as we approached them. In one instance, the boat being

some time in doubling a point we had walked over, we seated ourselves, when the villagers as usual assembled and Mr. Judson introduced the subject of religion. Several old men who were present entered into conversation, while the multitude was all attention. The apparent school-master of the village coming up, Mr. J. handed him a tract and requested him to read. After proceeding some way, he remarked to the assembly that such a writing was worthy of being copied, and asked Mr. J. to remain while he copied it." The tract was given to him on condition that he read it to all his neighbors; and they parted with him, hoping that the Spirit of God would prosper the few simple truths it contained to the salvation of some souls. And why should they not hope that the Empire was about to open to the bearers of the Cross?

Life in an untried place, another heathen city, was now to begin. The domestic arrangements were a matter of great interest to Mrs. Judson, especially. She was by no means in sound health, and a comfortable home is to a woman, sick or well, a thing highly desirable. Missionary life in the earlier days was almost wholly without assurance of a home, even when one had been established; and at this day the environments of a dwelling, elevated on stilts, to keep clear of diseases and creeping things, are such as to cause American women to feel like fleeing the country. Mrs. Judson thus speaks of her introduction to home-life in the capital:

On our arrival at Ava, we had more difficulties to encounter, and such as we had never before experienced. We had no home, no house to shelter us from the burning sun

by day and the cold dews at night. Dr. Price had kindly met us on the way, and urged our taking up our residence with him; but his house was in such an unfinished state, and the walls so damp (of brick, and just built) that spending two or three hours threw me into a fever, and induced me to feel that it would be presumption to remain longer. We had but one alternative, to remain in the boat till we could build a small house on the spot of ground which the King gave Mr. Judson last year. And you will hardly believe it possible, for I almost doubt my senses, that in just a fortnight from our arrival we moved into a house built in that time, and which is sufficiently large to make us comfortable. It is in a most delightful situation, out of the dust of the town, and on the bank of the river. The spot of ground given by His Majesty is small, being only one hundred and twenty feet long and seventy-five wide; but it is our own, and is the most healthy situation I have seen. Our house is raised four feet from the ground, and consists of three small rooms and a veranda.

I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, where the thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to a hundred and eight degrees.

An event of significance to the cause of missions is narrated by Prof. Gammell:

In a few months after the return of the missionaries to Ava, the government was formally removed, with great pomp and ceremony, to that city. The King and the Royal Family, who for two years had been living at Ava, in order to superintend the erection of a new palace, about the time of Mr. Judson's return, went back to Amarapura, for the purpose of making the transfer of the Golden Presence from one city to the other, as striking and impressive as possible. The ceremonial was one of unusual splendor and magnificence, and

presented a scene well calculated to fill the imagination with the sublimest conceptions of Oriental grandeur and wealth. * * * * The missionaries, with a few European residents at the capital, gazed with wonder on this unwonted display of grotesque magnificence, made to gratify the pride of the Burman monarch. They were not noticed by the royal pair, and although Mr. Judson occasionally visited the palace, yet no inquiry was ever made for the female teacher whom the queen had formally expressed her desire to see in her foreign dress. It was not long before an order was issued that no European should enter the palace, and in a few days afterwards the tidings of the approaching war, which had hitherto been brought only in uncertain rumors, were fully confirmed by intelligence that an English fleet had arrived in the river, and that Rangoon had already fallen into their hands.

Thus, while Mr. and Mrs. Judson were as yet scarcely settled, the cloud of war gathered in their sky, portentous of interruption to their work, and bringing sullenness over the Golden Face. The immediate cause of it was the mutual jealousy of the English and Burmese powers respecting the province of Chittagong, which appears on the map as coast territory on the upper and eastern part of the bay of Bengal. It was in the hands of the English, and was made a resort of criminals escaping the Burman law. The King of Burmah wished to vindicate his dignity and proceeded to raise a large army under his greatest warrior, Bandoola, for the purpose of moving against the governor-general; but the latter proved more prompt, and the English transports, under Sir Archibald Campbell, suddenly appeared before Rangoon and made it an easy prey. The Burman King taught to think his power greater than that of any other nation on the earth, made fool-hardy ventures against

the invader, but was constantly though slowly repulsed and exhausted, until at the end of about two years from the commencement of hostilities, and fearing the advancing foe would reach and reduce the capital itself, he accepted terms of peace, after refusing repeated overtures, and at a loss of much of his territory. The golden fetters sent for the important service of binding the governor-general, and in which he was to have been brought to the Golden Feet at Ava, were not needed; neither did the general commissioned to bring back some white strangers to row the boats and manage the horses of other officials, make the desired returns.

The period in the life of Mrs. Judson now to be reviewed is one of the most tragic in the history of women. It was fraught with more experience than it is ordinarily possible for a woman to pass through in an equal length of time. The scenes and circumstances included in it have been regarded worthy of detailed record in the missionary annals of the world, and as having a bearing on the progress of Christendom and the advancement of mankind. They have been presented, in nearly every instance of their publication, in the exact form in which she and those participating in them or in any way related to them originally gave them to the public—in letters, journals, and testimonials. These documents are clear and explicit, being written in terse and expressive language, while they are in harmony with each other. But there are incidents and circumstances revealed by one which motives of modesty or other considerations seem to have forbidden to another, and all are

necessary to a complete delineation. It accords with the plan of this work to gather the facts from all accessible sources, omitting none, and to construct an independent narrative, in the hope that by grouping them in proper order the impression of the reader will be one of continuity as well as of completeness.

XII.

War—PRISON AND IRONS.

They cast them into prison, charging the jailer to keep them safely; who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. Acts 16: 23, 24.

"Joy never feasts so high,
As when the first course is of misery."

ABOUT the middle of the year 1824 the war-cloud over Burmah, was heavy, and portentous of destruction to the infant cause in which American Baptists were investing their means, and half a dozen consecrated Christians were jeopardizing their lives. Both the senders and the sent were watching events with breathless anxiety. They were entirely neutral as to the issues involved; seeking only spiritual ends—the evangelization of the natives of that benighted empire. Still, in the exigencies of war they could not be regarded otherwise than with a jealous eye. It was necessary that the mails be guarded, and all persons be under surveillance of the authorities. Hence, in the appalling situation, the missionaries feared as they entered into the cloud; and on the opposite side of the globe another cloud, one of dreadful suspense, settled down on the churches and was not lifted for nearly two years. Whatever inferences American Christians entertained, they derived only through meager war

records. People differed, and all was doubt and uncertainty, with the weight of probability in favor of the worst. The incense of prayer and the testimony of tears that came before Jehovah in that dread day were fully known only to Him.

Mrs. Judson had returned from America, and, as before said, had gone forward to the interior of the Empire—to Ava, the capital. The first reliable intelligence of the declaration of war received by Mr. and Mrs. Judson, reached them while they were on their way thither, at a point about one hundred miles short of their destination, and where a part of the Burmese had encamped. A misunderstanding had existed for some time between the Bengal (English) and Burmese governments, and troops from both sides had marched to the frontiers. Suspicion naturally fell on all the white foreigners within the Burman jurisdiction, they being supposed to be spies. The missionaries were not made an exception. As they proceeded they met Bandoola, the celebrated Burman general, with the remainder of his troops; he was seated on a golden barge, surrounded by a fleet of gold war boats, one of which was dispatched to intercept them and make the necessary inquiries. Information being given that they were Americans, not English, and were going to Ava in obedience to the command of His Majesty, they were allowed to proceed.

Dr. Price had won golden opinions at Ava by his medical skill, and many there had seemed quite favorable to the new religion. But Mr. and Mrs. Judson, on their arrival, found that he was now out of favor at court, because suspicion rested on the foreigners. He

had met them in a small boat, a few days below Ava, and through him they learned that important changes had taken place at the palace; the privy council having been turned out and a new set appointed, with which they were not at all acquainted. Mr. Judson approached the palace two or three times, and found that a year had made great changes. The King's manner toward him was that of indifference, and his old friends and advocates before the King were missing. Very few recognized him. His Majesty just spoke to him, and accepted a small gift, but afterward gave him neither a word nor a look. The Queen, who had hitherto expressed wishes for Mrs. Judson's speedy arrival, now made no inquiries for her, nor intimated a desire to see her. All interest in the foreigners, for any cause—medical skill, manners, religion, curiosity—was sunk in jealousy and disaffection on account of prevalent hostilities with the English. This was a sore disappointment to the missionaries, since it left them without means of access to the throne of the potentate by whose favor or by the absence of whose frown they must expect to find access to the people whom they came to Ava to save.

Mrs. Judson made no attempt to visit the palace, but she was almost daily invited to visit some of the branches of the royal family, who were living in their own houses, outside of the palace inclosure. Under the circumstances they thought it most prudent to pursue their original intention of building a house and to commence missionary operations as occasions might appear, thus endeavoring to convince the government that they really had nothing to do with the existing

war. Public worship was held at Dr. Price's house every Lord's Day, inasmuch as through his acquaintance with the neighbors an assembly of a dozen to twenty could be secured, including the few disciples who came up from Rangoon.

In two or three weeks after their arrival the removal of the capital from Amarapura to Ava took place, as narrated, and after that an order came from the King that foreigners should not be allowed to enter the new palace. This was somewhat alarming to the missionaries, but regarding the mandate as purely political, and in view of the earnest protestation already made that they were not Englishmen, and were here as teachers of religion, they hoped it might not materially affect them. And yet there remained in the dark, distrustful mind the conviction that all having a white face, except the French, were subjects of the King of England; a belief that bore against the Americans with special force, because of the identity of language. But for some weeks nothing took place to alarm them. Mr. Judson went on preaching, and Mrs. Judson continued the little school she had organized. The masons also made progress in building their house. Mrs. Judson was quite happy with the little girls she was teaching to read and sew, two of whom she had named Mary and Abby Hasseltine and one of whom was to be supported by the "Judson Association of Bradford Academy." She had begun to make inquiries for others, and was hoping for success, under divine guidance, when her prospect was suddenly blasted by the war.

On the 23d of May, 1824, just as the missionaries had concluded worship at Dr. Price's house, intelligence was brought to them that Rangoon had been taken by the English. The shock the news created was "a mixture of fear and joy"; of fear lest the fortunes of war should prove serious misfortunes to them, and of joy because the hope was thereby created that in the event of a victory for the English, toleration might be granted to religious effort among the natives. Inquiry was made by a young merchant residing at Ava, Mr. Gouger, who had much to lose, and information had been returned by His Majesty that no fear need be entertained by the foreigners there, as they "had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested."

The government was now in motion and commotion. An army of ten or twelve thousand men was sent off to join a similar one proceeding up towards Ava, before the news from Rangoon reached it. There was great confidence on the part of the Burman Powers, the only fear being that the foreign forces would become alarmed, and escape by their ships before there would be time to secure them as slaves. The war boats passed down the river, before Mr. Judson's home; and the soldiers were in high glee, singing and dancing, and gesticulating in a jubilant way, feeling that they were on a spoils expedition. If their knowledge of the English prowess had been as correct as was that of the foreign residents, they would have manifested a very different spirit.

As soon as the army was dispatched, the government began to inquire for the cause of the arrival of the strangers

at Rangoon. There must be spies in the country, suggested some, who have invited them over. And who so likely to be spies as the Englishmen residing at Ava? A report was in circulation that Captain Laird, lately arrived, had brought Bengal papers which contained the intention of the English to take Rangoon, and it was kept a secret from His Majesty. An inquiry was instituted. The three Englishmen, Gouger, Laird, and Rogers, were called and examined. It was found that they had seen the papers, and they were put in confinement, though not in prison. We now began to tremble for ourselves, and were daily in expectation of some dreadful event. Mrs. Judson says:

"At length Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were summoned to a court of examination, where strict inquiry was made relative to all they knew. The great point seemed to be, whether they had been in the habit of making communication to foreigners, of the state of the country, etc. They answered that they had always written to their friends in America, but had no correspondence with English officers, or the Bengal government. After their examination they were not put in confinement as the Englishmen had been, but were allowed to return to their houses. In examining the accounts of Mr. G., it was found that Mr. J. and Dr. Price had taken money of him to a considerable amount. Ignorant as were the Burmese of our mode of receiving money by orders on Bengal, this circumstance, to their suspicious minds, was a sufficient evidence that the missionaries were in the pay of the English, and very probably spies. It was thus represented to the King, who, in an angry tone, ordered the immediate arrest of the two teachers."—*Knowles' Memoir*.

The arrest signalizes a new and tragical period in Mrs. Judson's life, and in the history of missions; one in comparison with which the preceding twelve years of vicissitudes and sufferings seem insignificant. Her character was simply foreshown in what had gone before—in those endeavors which, in either man or

woman, would be regarded as heroic—while now the full form of the heroine appears, as the supreme occasion is presented.

On the 8th of June, 1824, Mr. Judson was seized, and, in common with another American, three Englishmen, one Greek, and Dr. Price, was thrown into the death-prison at Ava. The seizure took place at the dinner hour, in his own humble home, and in the presence of Mrs. Judson, the little Burman girl pupils, and the Bengalee servants; and it was understood to mean death. It was without the forms of civilized warfare; was a rude irruption of a peaceful home and the sanctities of conjugal ties. An officer holding a black book, attended by a dozen Burmans, rushed into the house and demanded the teacher. Mr. Judson having presented himself, he said, "You are called by the King;" meaning that he was under arrest as a criminal. At that instant the "spotted face," the criminal who had the nefarious duty to perform, seized him and threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord used as a means of torture. Mrs. Judson caught his arm and tried to stop the proceeding, offering him money, the charm to a benighted mind. But her effort only exasperated the officer, who said, "Take her, too; she also is a foreigner." Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged that they would permit her to remain until further orders. The scene assumed a horrifying aspect; something terrible must be involved in a case requiring such immediate torture, and creating such excitement as at once prevailed. The whole neighborhood collected; the masons at work on the brick house fled, and the inmates of the

home, the servants and the pupils, were shocked, the former with astonishment at the brutal treatment of their master, and the latter with fear. The Burman children cried and screamed. The heartless executioner responded to the entreating words and tears by drawing the cords. In vain did Mrs. Judson beg, with offers of money, that the ropes might be loosened. Her husband was bound fast and dragged from her sight, she knew not whither. She gave the money to Moungh Ing, the faithful disciple, with instructions to follow after and make further attempt to mitigate his suffering; but instead of being moved by her entreaties, "the unfeeling wretches, when a few rods from the house, again threw their prisoner on the ground and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration."

The officer and gang, with the prisoner, appeared at the court-house, where the governor of the city and other officers were collected, and where one of them read the order of the King to commit Mr. Judson to the death-prison. He was soon hurled into the prison, the door closed behind him, and Moungh Ing saw no more.

The day passed and the night shut down upon a broken family; the husband in prison, with only a violent death to be reasonably expected, and the sleepless wife imprisoned in her own home, in awful suspense as to both his condition and her own fate. The magistrate had come into the veranda and called her out for the purpose of being examined. She, with quick forethought, destroyed all her letters and journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should

disclose the fact that they had correspondents in England, and had kept a memorandum of all occurrences in the country since their arrival; then she went out and submitted to a minute and very scrutinizing inquiry as to everything she knew. When the examination was finished, the magistrate ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, that no person be allowed to go in or out, and placed a guard of ten ruffians, under strict orders to keep her safe.

It being now dark, she retired with her four little Burman girls to an inner room, and barred the doors. But this was displeasing to the guard, who commanded her to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. Rising in her conscious womanhood, and with her crushed feelings under control, she obstinately refused to obey, and threatened to report their conduct to the higher authorities on the morrow. Finding her firm, they sought satisfaction in taking the two Bengalee servants and binding them in the stocks, in a very painful position. This also was too much for Mrs. Judson to endure, and, calling the head man to the window, she promised to make them all a present in the morning if they would release them. They accepted the conditions, after much parleying and threatening, yet tacitly reserved to themselves the delightful privilege of annoying her throughout the night. They indulged in dreadful carousings and diabolical language about the house, as if they would let no time or opportunity for heaping contempt on the foreigners pass unimproved; in which conduct they knew they had the sympathy of their superiors. Unprotected, desolate, and sleepless,

the night was to her one of horror. Uncertainty as to the fate of Mr. Judson was by no means the least of the causes of her anxiety. All things conspired to make the night the most distressing one she had ever passed; and yet, had she not been inured to hard experiences, it would have hung still more heavily over her, perhaps beyond endurance; and had she have known what was before her, her great nature might have been found inadequate to bear the hideous prospect.

Morning came and Moungr Ing was sent to learn the situation of Mr. Judson, and give him food, if found living. He soon returned with the report that he and all the white foreigners were confined in the *death-prison*, each with three pairs of iron fetters, and all fastened to a long pole to prevent them from moving. Mrs. Judson's anguish was now at its height; for while she was permitted to act she was hopeful of surmounting even the greatest obstacles, but now that she was herself a prisoner, what could she do for the release of the missionaries! She, in some way, reached the ear of the magistrate and besought him to let her go to some member of the government and state her case, but he claimed that he could not consent for fear she would make her escape. The next expedient was writing a note to one of the King's sisters, with whom she had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with the reply that she did not understand it; a polite refusal to interfere, lest, as it was afterwards learned, the Queen should be displeased thereby. The day dragged heavily away, and

another night came on with its attendant horrors. The guards were somewhat softened by presents of cigars and tea, so that she was allowed to remain inside her room, without being threatened, as in the night before. Her mind was thus relieved of fear, in some degree, but only to be the more heavily laden by the thought of her husband in the death-prison, in irons and without anything better than the felon's fare. The imagination performed an unwelcome office to her wearied soul; it brought no solace, but a haunting spectre instead.

The third day dawned and she was still a prisoner; but there was another prisoner in whose case her interest centered, and her anxiety for whom swallowed up all her other anxieties. She first sent a message to the governor of the city, requesting him to allow her to visit him with a present. This course had the desired effect, and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit her to go into town. He received her pleasantly and listened to her statement. She informed him explicitly as to the position occupied by the foreigners, particularly that of the teachers who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war. He told her that it was not in his power to release them from prison or from irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable, and she must consult his head officer as to the means. Turning to this officer, she discerned through his countenance a full assemblage of all evil passions, and she had little to expect from him except by appealing to some one of these, as, his greed or rapacity. And it is quite probable that, in anticipation of the petition, he had

been advised by his superior. He took her aside and endeavored to convince her that she and all the prisoners were at his disposal, which was manifestly false, inasmuch as the governor himself had disclaimed such power; but she had not been impressed with the veracity of the officials, and she was not just now concerning herself with the sins of any one, but with the release of her husband by any means not dishonoring to herself. For this purpose she had carried considerable money with her. And she was not taken unawares when informed by said head officer that the future comfort of her husband and his family would depend on her liberality as to presents. On inquiring what she must do to obtain a mitigation of the sufferings of the two teachers, he replied that she must give him two hundred ticals (about one hundred dollars), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs; the specification of the character and amount of the gifts showing that the price had been well premeditated. Her home was two miles from the prison, and she could not easily return; she, therefore, begged him to accept the money and not insist on the other articles, as they were not in her possession. He hesitated for some time, but the sight of the money and the fear of losing his chance to get it, overcame his disposition to parley, and he accepted the proposition, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

She then procured an order from the governor for her admittance to the prison. The sensations produced by meeting her husband in that "*wretched, horrid* situation," and the affecting scene which en-

sued, she would not, in her otherwise full delineation of the circumstances, attempt to describe. But they have been portrayed by Mr. Gouger, one of the seven cast into the prison together, in the following words:

It so happened that at the moment of their interview outside the wicket door, I had to hobble to the spot to receive my daily bundle of provisions, and the heart-rending scene which I there beheld was one that it is impossible to forget. Poor Judson was fastidiously neat and cleanly in his person and apparel, just the man to depict the metamorphosis he had undergone in these two wretched days in its strongest contrast. When Mrs. Judson had parted from him he was in the enjoyment of these personal comforts, whereas now none but an artist could describe his appearance. Two nights of restless torture of body and anxiety of mind had imparted to his countenance a death-like expression, while it would be hardly decent to advert in more than general terms to his begrimed and impure exterior. No wonder his wretched wife, shocked at the change, hid her face in her hands, overwhelmed with grief, hardly daring to trust herself to look upon him. Perhaps the part I myself sustained in the picture may have helped to rivet it on my memory, for though more than thirty-five years have since passed away, it reverts to me with all the freshness of a scene of yesterday.

Mrs. Judson was not allowed to enter the prison, so Mr. Judson crawled to the door where they had the interview referred to, in which he gave some directions relative to his release. But before they could perfect any arrangement she was ordered to depart. The iron-hearted jailers, seemingly, could not bear to see them enjoy the consolation of a meeting, even in that miserable place. In vain she pleaded the order of the governor for her admittance; they again harshly repeated, "Depart, or we will pull you out." The same evening

the missionaries, with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison inclosure. Here she was permitted to send them food and mats to sleep on, but was not allowed to enter again for several days.

The name of this prison was *Let-ma-yoon*, signifying *hand shrink not*. To the Burman mind the name conveyed a sense of terror, since it told of the dreadful atrocities practiced within, under sanction of the government. Mr. Gouger says: "It contemplates the extreme of human suffering, and when this has reached a point at which our nature recoils—when it is supposed that any one bearing the human form might well refuse to be the instrument to add to it, the hand of the executioner is apostrophized and encouraged not to follow the dictates of the heart—'Thine eye shall not pity, and thine hand not spare.'"

It was a building about forty feet long and thirty feet wide; was five or six feet high along the sides, and, having a sharp roof, was perhaps twice that height at the center. There was no ventilation except by means of the crevices, and of the door which was seldom open. It was constructed of boards, and was rather stronger than a common Burman dwelling house; yet so little confidence was reposed in its strength that an array of stocks and shackles was always present, to which was added the frightful surveillance of inhuman keepers. "On the thin roof poured down the burning rays of the tropical sun." Within were confined a crowd of prisoners, of both sexes, and all nationalities.

The worst of criminals were huddled down beside the highest of state officers—perhaps the very judges who sat upon their crime the day before; for an autocrat, possessed of limitless and irresponsible power, thinks it a small thing to punish even a favorite by thrusting him temporarily into this place of degradation. It is well understood that all who are cast into the death-prison are under the condemnation of death, though they may yet be saved by the clemency of the sovereign.

The missionaries were imprisoned in the month of June, and though the rains, which are later and much lighter at Ava than farther down the country, had commenced, their cooling influence was insufficient to counteract the sickening sense of suffocation to which the poisonous miasma rising from the damp earth contributed in a most dangerous degree. The prison was built on the ground, and so the consequences of a lack of ventilation were rendered doubly serious. Prisoners were continually dying of disease, as well as by violent treatment, and yet the place was always full. They came from the palace and from the robber's den; from the shop of the handicraftsman, whose power of execution had fallen short of his monarch's conception; and from the more aspiring roof of the merchant, sacrificed to his reputed wealth. Several sepoys, and occasionally English soldiers, swelled the lists of the miserable. These poor creatures, having no regular supply of food, were often brought to the very verge of starvation; and then, on some worship day, the women would come, as a religious duty, to the prison, with rice and fruits; and the miserable sufferers, maddened by starvation, would eat and die. "O, I dare not tell you," said Mr. Judson to me, one day, "half the horrors I have seen and felt. They haunt me, when I am ill and sad, even now, and the simplest relation of them would do no good to either of our dreams."

The keepers of the prison were all branded criminals; some wearing the name of their crime burned into the flesh of their foreheads or breasts; others with a dark ring upon the cheek, or about the eye; and others still with mutilated noses, blind of an eye, or with their ears quite cut away.

They are called "children of the prison," and form a distinct class, quite out of the way of reputable people, intermarrying only among themselves, and so perpetuating vice, while they are shut, both by their sentence and the horror with which they are regarded by all classes, without the pale of virtue. The cruelty or other vicious inclination which led to the perpetration of the first crime, is now deepened and rendered indelible by constant familiarity with every species of human torture, until these creatures seem really to be actuated by some demoniac spirit. The head jailer, called by the prisoners the tiger-cat, and branded in the breast *loo-that, murderer*, was one of the most hideous and disgusting of his fraternity. He affected great jocularly, and was facetious even in the commission of his worst cruelties, bringing down his hammer with a jest when fastening manacles, putting his hated arms affectionately around the prisoners, and calling them his beloved children, to get a better opportunity to prick or pinch them, and withal studying torture as the most comical of arts.—*Mrs. E. C. Judson's Reminiscences of Conversations with Dr. Judson.*

As the reader is not presumed to have at hand, or to have read full accounts of what the early missionaries saw or passed through, one or two more extracts are given now, as a preparation to realize what Mrs. Judson, as well as the prisoners, had to encounter. One of the English fellow-prisoners of Mr. Judson has left a vivid and definite description of the jail's interior, from which we gather that in after-time a sense of the humorous, mingled with that of horror, influenced his mind as he wrote :

The only articles of furniture the place contained were these: First, and most prominent, was a gigantic row of stocks, similar in its construction to that formerly used in England, but now nearly extinct; though dilapidated specimens may still be seen in some of the market-places of our

own country towns. It was capable of accommodating more than a dozen occupants, and, like a huge alligator, opened and shut its jaws with a loud snap upon its prey. Several smaller reptiles, interesting varieties, of the same species, lay basking around this monster, each holding by the leg a pair of hapless victims consigned to its custody. These were heavy logs of timber, bored with holes to admit the feet, and fitted with wooden pins to hold them fast. In the center of the apartment was placed a tripod, holding a large earthen cup filled with earth-oil, to be used as a lamp during the night watches; and lastly, a simple but suspicious-looking piece of machinery, whose painful uses it was my fate to test before many hours had elapsed. It was merely a long bamboo, suspended from the roof by a rope at each end, and worked by blocks or pulleys, to raise or depress it at pleasure. (For suspending prisoners by the feet).

Before me, stretched on the floor, lay forty or fifty hapless wretches, whose crimes or misfortunes had brought them into this place of torment. They were all nearly naked, and the half-famished features and skeleton frames of many of them too plainly told the story of their protracted sufferings. Very few were without chains, and some had one or both feet fast in the stocks besides. A sight of such squalid wretchedness can hardly be imagined. Silence seemed to be the order of the day; perhaps the poor creatures were so engrossed with their own misery that they hardly cared to make any remarks on the intrusion of so unusual an inmate as myself.

If the *ensemble* be difficult to portray, the stench was absolutely indescribable, for it was not like anything which exists elsewhere in creation. I will, therefore, give the facts, and leave the reader's nose to understand them by a synthetic course of reasoning—if it can.

Forbearing for the present to give more from the Englishman's delineation, a little space will be given to the impressions that Dr. Price received on being ushered to his quarters:

A little bamboo door opened, and I rose to go toward it. But, Oh! who can describe my sensations!—shackled like a common felon, in the care of hangmen, the offscouring of the country, turned like a dog into his kennel, my wife, my dear family, left to suffer alone all the rudeness such wretches are capable of. The worst, however, was yet to come; for, making the best of my way up the high steps, I was ushered into the grand apartment. Horror of horrors! What a sight! Never to my dying day shall I forget the scene; a dim lamp in the midst, just making darkness visible, and discovering to my horrified gaze sixty or seventy wretched objects, some in long rows made fast in the stocks, some strung on long poles, some simply fettered; but all sensible of a new acquisition of misery in the approach of a new prisoner. Stupefied, I stopped to gaze till, goaded on, I proceeded toward the further end, when I again halted. A new and unexpected sight met my eyes. Till now I had been kept in ignorance of the fate of my companions. A long row of white objects, stretched on the floor in a most crowded situation, revealed to me, however, but too well their sad state, and I was again urged forward. Poor old Rogers, wishing to retain the end of the bamboo, made way for me to be placed alongside of Mr. Judson. “We all hoped you would have escaped, you were so long coming,” was the first friendly salutation I had yet received; but, alas! it was made by friends whose sympathy was now unavailable.

Such were the “accommodations”—“the grand apartment”—furnished the excellent of the earth in common with those regarded as felons under a government which was scarcely less than an embodiment of crime against mankind. Mrs. Judson, without entering the place, was sufficiently convinced through her several senses, and especially by the horrid appearance of Mr. Judson, so characteristically tidy, that there was trouble enough upon them all. She saw that while a most horrible bondage had been imposed

on her best beloved, a severe strain, in consequence, was to come upon all her own faculties—a prolongation of that of the two preceding days which seemed of itself almost too much. The exigency of the case was just beginning to appear in its magnitude, and debaring all thought of what might have been, and of what actually had been in other days, and of what was now beyond the ocean, she girded herself for the most heroic and protracted, yet unforeseen, efforts in woman's history.

XIII.

War—DAUNTLESS DEVOTION.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

BYRON.

Woman! Blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished, yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse and beats with every thrill.
Sand's Yamoyden.

MRS. JUDSON now began to project methods of reaching and influencing those in power, not disheartened by her experiences thus far, nor contemplating for a moment a cessation of experiments in case any one or many should prove ineffectual. There was a great life to be saved; one of vast consequence to those who were heartlessly, murderously taking it away, and nothing short of its loss, or the sacrifice of her own on the altar of Love, was to cause a cessation of effort. Nor were her labors, whether at court or at prison, to be limited except by her means and gift of endurance; other valuable lives were in jeopardy, and she would sustain them so far as it was in her power, and liberate the victims if possible.

After her visit to the prison she contrived a method of reaching the Queen with a petition. In consequence of Mr. Judson's imprisonment, and her

own distressing circumstances, they both were in a state of disgrace before the government, and no person disgraced was admitted to the palace. So she sought to supplicate Her Highness through her brother's wife, whom she had visited, and from whom she had received particular marks of favor in better days. She called on her, carrying a present of considerable value, but was coolly received. She found her lolling on her carpet, with her attendants about her, and, without waiting to be accosted in the usual way, she at once, in a direct, bold yet respectful manner, stated the distresses and wrongs being suffered, and begged her assistance. Her ladyship partly raised her head, opened the present and indifferently replied: "Your case is not singular; all the foreigners are treated alike."

"But it is singular," was the answer. "The teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion; have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the King's command. They have never done anything to deserve such treatment, and is it right they should be treated thus?"

"The King does as he pleases; I am not the King; what can I do?"

"You can state their case to the Queen, and obtain their release. Place yourself in my situation; were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you, a solitary, unprotected female, what would you do?"

With a slight degree of feeling she said, "I will present your petition; come again to-morrow."

Mrs. Judson returned to her house with considerable hope that the missionaries would be released; hopefulness being her main-stay. But before it was time to return for the reply from the Queen, an act of confiscation was committed on the property of Mr. Gouger, to the amount of fifty thousand rupees, and it was carried to the palace. The officers on their return politely informed her that her house would be visited on the following day; whether they did so tauntingly, or with a view to receiving gifts, or through respect, does not appear. She felt much obliged for the information, and forthwith proceeded to secrete as many articles as she possibly could, together with considerable silver; for should the war be protracted the money would be needed to enable them to avoid starvation. It was very hazardous to practice secretiveness in such a case, because, had she been detected in it she might have been thrown into prison. Her mind was greatly agitated in consequence of the attempt to save her own goods and money, and had she thought it possible to procure means from any other quarter she would not have ventured on such a step.

What must have been her feelings of dismay and uncertainty when, on the following morning, the royal treasurer, the governor of the north gate of the palace and another nobleman, with a retinue of forty or fifty, came to take possession of all that she and her husband owned! What other woman could have endured the coming, not to mention the irruption and plundering? It may have been an important part of the Heavenly Father's care that she was notified, and yet she would doubtless have commanded her powers to

good advantage had she been surprised. As it was she treated the three officers and one of the royal secretaries, who alone entered the house, with such civility as the circumstances suggested. She gave them chairs to sit on, and tea and sweetmeats for their refreshment; and they conducted the confiscation with more respect for her feelings than would have been expected of Burmese officers on such an errand. They saw that she was deeply affected, and apologized for what they were doing by saying that it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but that they were compelled thus to do by order of the King.

"Where are your silver, gold, and jewels?" said the royal treasurer.

"I have no gold or jewels," she replied, "but here is the key of a trunk that contains the silver. Do with it as you please." When the trunk had been produced and the silver weighed, she added: "This money was collected in America by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a *kyoung* (the name of a priest's dwelling), and for our support while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable that you should take it?"

The Burmese being averse to taking what is offered in a religious point of view, they felt the force of the objection so skillfully and properly presented, and said they would mention the circumstance to the King, and that perhaps he would restore it. "But is this all the silver you have?"

"The house is in your possession; search for yourselves."

"Have you not deposited silver with some person of your acquaintance?"

"My acquaintances are all in prison; with whom should I deposit silver?"

They next ordered her trunks and drawers to be examined, but the secretary only was allowed to accompany her in the search. Everything nice or curious that met his view, was shown to the officers for their decision, whether it should be taken or left. She begged that they would not take the wearing apparel, because it would be disgraceful to take clothes partly worn, into the presence of His Majesty, while to the family they were of unspeakable value. They assented and took a list only, as they did with the books, medicines, etc. Her little work-table and rocking chair, presents from a beloved brother, she managed to rescue from their grasp, partly by artifice and partly through their ignorance. They also left many articles that were of inestimable value during the long imprisonment that ensued.

The search and confiscation being finished, and the officials having departed, Mrs. Judson left her broken house, as if it were nothing to be deplored when compared with the interests at the prison, and hastened to the Queen's brother to learn the outcome of her petition. Failure again! His wife, with much indifference, said that she had stated the case to the Queen, who replied, "The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are." This was crushing, as her hope had been quite sanguine, notwithstanding the disappointments before experienced. And now, since the Queen had refused assistance, who would dare to inter-

cede for her? With a heavy heart she turned away, and on her way home attempted to enter the prison gate to communicate the result to her husband—tidings in nowise calculated to alleviate his feelings or soften the boards on which he lay—but she was harshly refused admittance, and for ten days after, in spite of daily efforts, she was not allowed to enter. She attempted to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days the practice was detected; and the poor fellow who carried the writing was beaten and put in the stocks, while the affair cost her about ten dollars, besides two or three days of agony through fear of the consequences.

In presenting the seized property to His Majesty, the officers remarked, "Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks of wearing apparel, etc., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them, or let them remain?" "Let them remain," said the King, "and put this property by itself, for it shall be restored to him again if he is found innocent." He was supposed to be a spy.

For two or three months following, Mrs. Judson was subject to continual annoyances, partly through ignorance of police management, and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through her misfortunes. The officers who confiscated the property insisted on knowing how much she had given the governor and prison officers to release the teachers from the inner prison. On being informed, they demanded the sum from the gov-

error, which threw him into a dreadful rage, and he threatened to put all the prisoners back. This circumstance made it necessary for her to visit him and settle the disturbance. On approaching him, his first words were: "You are very bad; why did you tell the royal treasurer that you had given me so much money." She replied, "The treasurer inquired; what could I say?" "Say that you had given nothing," said he, "and I would have made the teachers comfortable in prison; but now I know not what will be their fate." "But I cannot tell a falsehood; my religion differs from yours—it forbids prevarication, and had you stood by me with your knife raised, I could not have said what you suggest." His wife, who sat by his side, and who always, from this time, continued her firm friend, instantly said, "Very true; what else could she have done? I like such straightforward conduct. You must not be angry with her."

Mrs. Judson then presented the governor with a beautiful opera-glass, which she had just received from England, and begged that his anger toward her would not cause him to treat the prisoners with unkindness, promising to make him presents from time to time to compensate him for his loss. He said that she might intercede for her husband only, and that for her sake he should remain where he was; "but let the other prisoners take care of themselves." She plead hard for Dr. Price, but he would not listen, and the same day remanded him to the inner prison, where he remained ten days; after which time he was taken out, on the promise of the doctor to give him a piece of broadcloth, and on receiving from her two pieces of handkerchiefs.

At about this time she was officially summoned to the Lut-d'hau. What new evil was now at hand she could not imagine. On arriving she was allowed to stand at the foot of the stairs, contrary to custom, or law, which prohibits females from ascending the steps or even standing at the foot, and compels them to sit on the ground. Hundreds were collected around. The presiding officer, in an authoritative manner began: "Speak the truth in answer to the questions I shall ask. If you speak true, no evil will follow; but if not, your life will not be spared. It is reported that you have committed to the care of a Burmese officer a string of pearls, a pair of diamond ear-rings, and a silver tea-pot. Is it true?" "It is not; and if you, or any other person, can produce these articles, I refuse not to die." The officer again urged the necessity of "speaking true." She told him she had nothing more to say in reference to the matter, and begged him to use his influence to obtain the release of Mr. Judson.

Mrs. Judson returned to her house, breathing more freely, glad of another peril passed, yet fully conscious that other troubles awaited her. The anticipation of unknown difficulties and persecutions, however causeless, had come to be a habit of mind, which itself oppressed her, as a present trouble. And yet her repeated exertion of mind in the contrivance of new means of relief served as a counter-exercise, banishing the spectres of the imagination by the introduction of some important purpose. It may safely be believed that either some special, new besetment, or a well-founded fear of some annoyance, or a severe strain of mind in planning for the exigencies of her daily life

was the constant, crucial condition under which her hours, weeks and months passed tediously away.

The repulse of the Queen was "like a thunder-clap to her feelings;" and, in the matter of releasing the prisoners, who would venture to come after the Queen? Still she would not and could not slacken her endeavors. Prison-relief had come to be her occupation; and while becoming inured to it, in some respects, it continually assumed new and repulsive, and even alarming features, and if one lost a degree of its horror by being often met, something shocking was sure to make up the deficiency. One disappointment, also, was followed by another. Yet in her mind nothing could stand before exertion. And although she had made the round of those in influence, and had been suspected and summoned for imagined duplicity when trying to satisfy the rapacity of those in power, yet, with a clear conscience and a sense of the greatness and justness of her cause, she had the courage to repeat the steps in which she had failed. Time after time she visited the Queen's sister-in-law, not desisting until she had exhausted her patience—till she refused to answer a question, and signified in her looks that her importunate visitor had better keep out of her presence.

For the seven succeeding months she visited, almost daily, some one of the members of the government, or branches of the royal family, in order to gain their influence. The magnitude of such a service in the cause of the prisoners, taken with what else she was compelled to do for them, added to the care of herself and the little girls she had undertaken

to educate, may well appall the minds of even those who at this far-off day come to a knowledge of the facts. It was a constant embassy of love, an unceasing effort at diplomacy with a hostile power in whose hands she and all her interests rested. What could she find as a support for her hopes during that protracted series of visitations? What, to save her from an expectation or a fear of violence, the ripened fruit of impatience? She secured nothing as the reward of her pains except an occasional encouraging promise; but this seemed to save her from despair and to alleviate her otherwise hopeless situation, when taken in connection with the fact that she had gained several friends who were ready to assist her with articles of food, in a private manner, and who used their influence in the palace to destroy the impression that the missionaries were in some way engaged in the war. No one dared to speak a word to the King or to the Queen in favor of a foreigner while there were such continual reports of the success of the English arms.

And during this long period Mrs. Judson was obliged to keep her mind fixed also on the constantly recurring necessities of Mr. Judson, and to do her utmost to furnish the relief. He and the other white prisoners were subjected to extortions and oppressions which distressed herself as well as them. Sometimes sums of money were demanded; sometimes pieces of cloth and handkerchiefs, for which the Burmans seemed to have an insatiable desire. Then an order would be issued that they should not speak to each other, nor hold communication with their friends without; and that servants should not carry in their food

without an extra fee. For days and days together Mrs. Judson could not go into the prison until after dark, and when through with her visit she had two miles to walk in returning to her home, if a place might be called home, which had been stripped of its requisites and pleasant things, of testimonials and souvenirs from different lands, and robbed of the inspiring presence of its "head," who was not dead—for death could have been borne—but who was wearing felon-chains, and was, all the time, in extreme distress. As if in view of what her home was not, she ordinarily referred to it as "the house." It was her resting-place, in case the civil commotion and her cares did not deprive her of rest. When through at the prison she sought its precarious shelter and well-nigh sepulchral gloom. Night after night she returned from that dreary prison, at a late hour, flitting through the darkness, herself its most expressive impersonation. Only the faint hope of a dawn sustained her weary steps; and even with that, solitary, fatigued and worn with anxiety, she often threw herself down in her house and tried to devise some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. There she might have been found, after ten o'clock, sitting in the rocking-chair, provided for her in Boston, and which she resolutely saved in the confiscation; and with only a moment's glance toward the land of which it reminded her, giving herself to the study of ways and means of relief from existing troubles. Sometimes she slept—for "He giveth His beloved sleep"—and was thus recruited for another day's struggle.

The Burmese government was now prosecuting the war with all its energy and conceited prowess. New troops were being dispatched southward to the seat of war, while reports of their loss were continually received. Bandoola, however, was having some success in Arracan, and the King called him home in order to give him the more difficult command of the army sent to Rangoon. He was believed to understand the art of fighting with foreigners, and was flattered with all conceivable attentions, even to the relinquishment of the duties of the throne to his temporary kingship. Mrs. Judson, determined to miss no opportunity, resolved, against the advice of some members of the government, to apply to him for the release of the missionaries. She was told that in reminding him of their existence, she would expose them to execution. But it was her last hope and, as it proved, her last application.

Mr. Judson framed the petition privately, stating every circumstance that would be likely to interest him in their behalf, and she, with fear and trembling, approached him, while he was surrounded by a crowd of flatterers. One of his secretaries took the petition and read it aloud. After hearing it, he asked several questions, spoke to her in an obliging manner, said he would think of the subject, and bade her come again. She was overjoyed, and ran to the prison to tell Mr. Judson of the favorable reception, and both then entertained sanguine hopes of an early release. But the governor of the city expressed his amazement at her rashness and his conviction that it would be the means of destroying all the prisoners. Not daunted by the

opinions or prophecies of others, she visited Bandoolla again, in a day or two, taking a present of considerable value. He was not at home, but his lady, after ordering the present taken to another room, modestly informed her that she was ordered by her husband to say that he was very busy in preparing for Rangoon, and that after he had retaken that place he would return and release all the prisoners. The foreigners knew how to look for results at Rangoon; and if a Burmese victory there was to be the condition of their relief, their future was dark indeed.

With their hopes all shattered they could only sit down and submit to their lot. They must await the termination of the war. But meantime the condition of the prisoners must be made tolerable, if such a thing might be, and to this end Mrs. Judson still continued to visit the officials, with presents. She usually spent the greater part of every other day at the governor's house, giving him particular information concerning American manners, customs, government, etc.; and her unflagging perseverance was rewarded in exciting in his mind great interest in her communications, so that he felt greatly disappointed whenever any occurrence interfered with her visitation. Such was her social power, even under great depression of mind.

During the period under review, the white men wore three pairs of fetters, which were so constructed and applied as to give a very little freedom to the feet; they could walk, with their ankles a few inches apart, and were permitted to go about the prison-yard, followed by their keepers. And through the exertions of Mrs. Judson they were permitted, for the most of

the time, to spend the day in the open shed in the yard. The same good angel obtained permission to build a little bamboo-room, in the inclosure, where her husband could be by himself for a part of the time, and where she was allowed sometimes to spend two or three hours. This expedient was a great relief to him, who was so fastidiously nice in his habits that promiscuous herding was almost intolerable, particularly in the Ava prison; and it gave him temporary shelter from the cold which at the time was felt in the open shed. But it was too much of a luxury; it was not long to be enjoyed.

An interruption of the angel-visits of Mrs. Judson now took place. For some months the anticipated birth of a child had occupied the parents' minds, causing peculiar solicitude. Mr. Judson's anxiety, in consequence of the solitary situation in which his wife was to be placed by the customs of the country, culminated in "the gloomiest forebodings." But the crisis passed safely, and the little one was presented for his welcome at the door of the prison—a beam to enlighten his countenance, and a shaft to pierce his heart, in view of the dread uncertainty of the future. For twenty days the mother did not appear at the jail with her benefactions, and when she came with little Maria in her arms, there seemed to be no new occasion for solicitude. Mr. Judson came forward in his manacles, under the power of the new attraction, and was forced back again as usual; while she, after improving the precious moments of the interview to the highest advantage, retraced the two miles of beaten path, with her added charge, and the routine of tribulation went on.

In her "Reminiscences of Conversations with Mr. Judson," Mrs. E. C. Judson mentions the following interesting circumstance:

Mrs. Judson had long previous to this adopted the Burmese style of dress. Her rich Spanish complexion could never be mistaken for the tawny hue of the native; and her figure, of full medium height, appeared much taller and more commanding in a costume usually worn by women of inferior size. But her friend, the governor's wife, who presented her with the dress, had recommended the measure as a concession which would be sure to conciliate the people, and win them to a kindlier treatment of her. Behold her, then—her dark curls carefully straightened, drawn back from her forehead, and a fragrant cocoa-blossom, drooping like a white plume from the knot upon the crown; her saffron vest thrown open to display the folds of crimson beneath; and a rich silken skirt, wrapped closely about her fine figure, parting at the ankle, and sloping back upon the floor. The clothing of the feet was not Burman, for the native sandal could not be worn except upon a bare foot.

It was understood by the writer of the above that our heroine presented herself in this costume when she brought to the prison the birdling of her "Indian nest" for its father's recognition, and to emphasize the cheer. Her sentiment was aptly expressed by an unknown poet:

"A springing joy,
A pleasure which no language can express,
An ecstasy that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky."

The little daughter bore the honored name of Maria Butterworth, doubtless in recognition of friends in England.

XIV.

War—OUNG-PEN-LA.

Love can hope where reason would despair.

LORD LYTTETTON.

"Ah! whither should we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?"

OTHER experiences were soon to be added, to break the uniformity. Monotony of suffering is exceedingly irksome, and oftentimes the intervention of a new feature, even though more distressing, is not an unwelcome change. The prisoners had been in three pairs of fetters for seven weary months, when they were suddenly loaded with five pairs, and thrust into the inner prison. The little bamboo shelter was ruthlessly torn away, and the mat, pillow, and other little comforts were seized by the jailers. The hand that provided them, with a dexterity worthy of a better opportunity and better means, was absent and employed in a service still more loving and of greater moment to Mr. Judson than any performed at the jail. And when Maria was two months old a report of the new inflictions was sent to Mrs. Judson, who was greatly shocked by it, as it seemed to her to be prophetic of still greater evils. Events of the war confirmed her fears. Bandoola had been defeated, his

army destroyed, and the court thrown into consternation; and the English forces were marching on in the direction of the capital. This disaster to the Burman army was the immediate cause of the closer confinement of the prisoners, which was attended by new forms of distress. Mrs. Judson now resumed her efforts with the officers for the amelioration of the condition of the prisoners. She went immediately to the house of the governor, who was not at home, but had left orders with his wife to tell her not to ask for the removal of the additional fetters, for *it could not be done*. She then went to the prison-gate, but was forbidden to enter. "All was still as death—not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. Judson's little room remaining." She determined again to see the governor, and for this purpose returned into town the same evening, at an hour when she knew he would be at home. He was in his audience room, and, as she entered, looked up without speaking, and exhibited a sense of shame and affected anger. He understood his visitor, and, without doubt, she was the only foreigner in the Empire who could persistently besiege him for such an object as she was trying to gain. She had the elements of character that warded off brutality and assured respect, even with uncivilized officials, and after she had wearied them by her continual coming. She broke the silence by saying:

"Your lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have in many instances mitigated the sufferings of those unfortunate, though

innocent, beings committed to your charge. You have promised me particularly that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the King, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment?"

The old man's hard heart was melted, for he wept like a child. "I pity you, Tsa-yah-ga-dau"—a name by which he always called her—"I knew you would make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is to put them out of sight. I will now tell you what I have never told you before—that three times I have received intimations from the Queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately, but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it."

In view of the governor's manner and decision, she could but conclude that dreadful scenes were at hand. The condition of the prisoners was already distressing, beyond description. One hundred of the general class were shut up together, with no air, except what found its way into the den between the siding; the season was hot, the fevered breaths and the exudations fetid, and the ordinary belongings of such a place as impure as they could well be. The foreigners, after being stripped of half their clothing, were hurled into this repulsive crowd, stretched on the floor, and, "strung"

on a bamboo pole, which was run between their legs in a manner to make one leg bear the weight of the pole and the weight and fetter of the other. With this added torment it was whispered through the prison that the foreigners would be led out to execution at three o'clock in the morning. Thoughts of the dear one at "the house" were uppermost in Mr. Judson's mind, but he concluded that his death would end her sufferings, in part, while liberating him completely. The night passed, and, for some cause, the *let-mah-yoon* (the unshrinking hand) did not fall upon them. Mrs. Judson's forebodings, however, were doubtless well founded. From this time she occasionally obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when her heart sickened at the sight. The white prisoners appeared more like the dead than the living. She still made daily applications to the governor, but with no other effect than to gain permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this privilege continued but a short time.

After being thus imprisoned for a month or more, Mr. Judson was taken with fever. Mrs. Judson felt the new emergency that had arisen, and in order to meet it she removed from her house and erected a small bamboo room in the governor's inclosure, nearly opposite the prison gate, where for a time she remained. There she resumed her importunities for relief, and by and by the governor, worn out by her entreaties, gave her an order for the removal of her husband to a more comfortable situation, and an order for free admission to administer medicines and other necessities. This success made her happy indeed, and

very soon he was placed in a little bamboo hovel, too low to admit of an upright posture, but a palace in comparison with what he had left. She, herself, carried in the food, for the sake of an interview, and would remain an hour or two, unless driven out.

The story of the caged lion, the symbol of British Royalty, tortured to death by slow starvation, within the immediate view of the prisoners, is as pathetic as it is familiar. Within the iron bars from which death released it, Mr. Judson begged to be placed as a special relief; and there his loving wife ministered to him in a manner befitting an angel, though barely possessed of means by which to save him from the lion's fate.

About this time Bandoola died, or was cut off. The event produced universal consternation. In the palace and in the streets of the town a lamentation went up. Who would undertake to lead the armies after the fall of the invincible Bandoola! The common people, from whom had been exacted the entire amount requisite to the prosecution of the war, were muttering rebellion. At length the pakan-woon, who had previously been disgraced and incarcerated, offered his services, with great promises; and he, being known to be a man of great ability, and a violent enemy of all foreigners, was entrusted with supreme command.

Mrs. Judson could expect nothing good from this new movement, yet she and her husband were in a comparatively comfortable situation for a few days. Then, one morning, having carried in his food, and having remained somewhat longer than usual, she received a request from the governor to appear in his

presence, with haste. Her alarm was allayed when he informed her that he only wished to consult her in regard to his watch, and he seemed to be unusually agreeable and sociable. But she afterward learned that he merely wished to detain her until a new act in the prison scenes should be passed.

When she left the governor to return to her room, she was met by one of the servants, who, with a ghastly countenance, informed her that all the white prisoners had been carried away. She could not credit the report, and went back to the governor to make inquiry concerning it, who replied that he had just heard of it. She then ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, but was disappointed. Running from one street to another she inquired of all she met, but no one would answer her, till, finally, an old woman told her that the white prisoners had gone toward the little river, and were to be carried to Amarapura. She then ran to the banks of that stream, about half a mile, but did not see them, and concluded that she had been deceived. Some of their friends went to the place of execution, but they were not there. She went back to the governor to ascertain the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate, and the old man assured her that he was ignorant of the intention of the government until that morning, and that, since she went out, he had learned that they were to be sent to Amarapura, but for what purpose he knew not. "I will send off a man immediately," said he, "to see what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband; *take care of yourself.*"

The governor, with all his knowledge of her zeal and courage, was not aware of the resources of her nature not yet exhausted; or, he may have considered the prisoners' doom already sealed. His advice was friendly, but to take care of herself was a secondary object, so long as Mr. Judson was not known to have been cared for. She went to her room and sank down almost in despair, indeed, for there was nothing in sight to incite her to exertion. Her feelings at the moment are thus described by herself:

For several days previous I had been actively engaged in building my own little room, and making our hovel comfortable. My thoughts had been almost entirely occupied in contriving means to get into prison. But now I looked toward the gate with a kind of melancholy feeling, but no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death; no preparation of Mr. Judson's food, no expectation of meeting him at the usual dinner hour; all my occupations, all my employment seems to have ceased, and I had nothing left but the dreadful recollection that he was carried off, I knew not whither. It was one of the most insupportable days I ever passed. Toward night, however, I came to the determination to set off the next morning for Amarapura, and for this purpose was obliged to go to our house out of town.

Never before had I suffered so much from fear in traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the governor, "Take care of yourself," made me suspect that there was some design with which I was unacquainted. I saw, also, that he was afraid to have me go into the streets, and he advised me to wait till dark, when he would send me in a cart, and a man to open the gates. I took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles, together with the medicine chest, to deposit in the house of the governor; and after committing the house and premises to our faithful Mounng Ing, and a Bengalee servant, who continued with us, though we were unable to pay his wages, I took leave, as I then thought probable, of our house in Ava forever.

On returning to the governor she found a servant of Mr. Gouger who had followed the prisoners when they were led away, and who informed her that they had been taken before the lamine-woon, at Amara-pura, and were to be sent next day to a village beyond. She was somewhat relieved to learn that Mr. Judson was still alive, yet was distressed with anxiety as to what was to be done with him. Next morning, after obtaining a pass from the government, she took little Maria, then only three months old, Mary and Abby Hasseltine (two of the Burman children), and the Bengalee cook, who was the only one of the party able to render her any assistance, and set out for Amara-pura, six miles distant. The day was dreadfully hot, but having obtained a covered boat they were tolerably comfortable until they left the river; then they rode in a cart to the government house, two miles, which passage, in consequence of the violent motion of the vehicle, with the heat and dust, made her "almost distracted." Another disappointment awaited her; the prisoners had been driven on two hours before, and the cartman refused to go any farther. After waiting an hour in the burning sun, she procured another cart, and, with the babe still in her arms, urged her way on for four miles more, to that "never-to-be-forgotten place, Oung-pen-la."

She obtained a guide from the governor, and was conducted directly to the prison-yard. What a scene of wretchedness was there presented to her view! The prison was an old shattered building, without roof or fence; though some Burmese were on the top, trying to make something like a covering, by means of

leaves. Under a low projection, outside, sat the foreigners, chained two and two as they had been driven, almost dead from suffering; less one, the poor Greek, who was unequal to the heat and the abuse of the way, and had died at Amarapura. Mr. Judson looked up as Mrs. Judson approached, and said, "Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." But he had learned to expect that her love and bravery would carry her wherever he went, if she were needed, and it were at all possible, and, of course, he was not altogether surprised.

Night was at hand, and she was destitute of provisions for the prisoners and for herself, and without shelter for her little family. She tried her familiar expedient—permission to put up a little bamboo house near the prison—but it failed; the jailer said it was not customary. She then begged the jailer to procure for her a shelter for the night, hoping to obtain something more permanent on the morrow. He took her to his own house, which contained but two small rooms; one of these his family occupied, and the other, a store-room for grain, he gave to her, and that little filthy place was her abode for the next six months. Worn out by her hard journey, she spread a mat over the paddy and threw herself down upon it to get a little rest.

The next morning she endeavored to find something answering the description of food, but there was nothing to be procured. However, one of Dr. Price's friends brought some cold rice and vegetable curry from Amarapura, which, with a cup of tea, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners; and for

dinner she made a curry of dried salt fish. All the money she could command had been brought, secreted on her person. In view of the uncertain length of the war, the extortions of the jailers, and such exigencies as to food and illness as had thus far attended their prison life, her financial condition was not flattering.

At this time her personal bodily sufferings began. The very morning after her arrival at Oung-pen-la, one of the little girls, Mary Hasseltine, was taken with the small-pox, the natural way. Though very young, she was the only assistant in taking care of little Maria; and now she required all of Mrs. Judson's time that could possibly be spared from Mr. Judson, whose fever, setting in at Ava prison, had continued, and whose feet were so dreadfully blistered and lacerated by the forced march over the hot sand and gravel that for several days he was unable to move. She could not procure assistance or medicine, and all day long she traveled from the house to the prison, back and forth with the child in her arms. The small-pox began to spread. She herself had nearly a hundred pustules; for, notwithstanding that she had been vaccinated before leaving America, the interval had been long, and she had been constantly exposed. But there was compensation for this new trial. She commenced to vaccinate the children, and presently her fame in that practice spread throughout the village, and every child, young and old, who had not previously had the small-pox, was brought to her for inoculation. She was unacquainted with the disorder, but she could achieve success by the use of the needle in vaccinating and by instructing the patients as to diet.

Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored, and he was much more comfortably situated than when in the city prison. The prisoners, at first chained two-and-two, were separated, and each wore but one pair. The prison was repaired, and a large, airy front shed was constructed, in which they were permitted to remain during the day. All of the children recovered from the small-pox, but Mrs. Judson's watchings and fatigue, together with her miserable food and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners. Her constitution was affected, and she became so weak as to be scarcely able to walk to the prison. In this debilitated state she set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines and food. She reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand; after which it became so violent as to destroy her hope of recovery, and her chief anxiety then was to return to Oung-pen-la, and die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that she obtained the medicine-chest from the governor, with whom it had been deposited, and then she had no one to administer the medicines. She, however, got the laudanum, and by taking two or three drops at a time for several hours, the complaint was so far checked that she was enabled to get on board a boat, though too weak to stand, and again to set out for Oung-pen-la. As before, the last four miles was in that wonderful conveyance, the cart, and the rainy season was in progress, when the mud almost buries the oxen. The Burmese cart, it will be remembered, consisted simply of small wheels cut from thick planks, with axletree and

tongue, and a body resting on them. In America it would be called a jolt-cart, and it proved to be that to Mrs. Judson, who barely survived the ride.

On reaching Oung-pen-la, the good native cook, to whom she had entrusted her cares during her absence, came out to help her into the house, and he was so shocked by her emaciated appearance that he burst into tears. She crawled onto the mat in her forlorn little room, where she was confined for more than two months; and she did not fully recover until after removal to the English camp. At this time both she and Mr. Judson must have died from their sufferings, had it not been for "the faithful and affectionate care of the Bengalee cook," who seemed to forget his caste and his own wants in his efforts to serve them. Some days he did not taste of food until near night, in consequence of having to go some distance for wood and water, and in order to have Mr. Judson's dinner in readiness promptly. He never complained, never asked for his wages, never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere or to do anything required. He continued with the family, it seems, through the remainder of Mrs. Judson's life, and his important services may be mentioned as a gracious provision of the Divine Hand—an ignoble instrumentality for a great emergency—duplicated many times in this world, in obscured circumstances. God is not unrighteous to forget such labor of love.

At this time, also, little Maria, the child of her tribulations, was the greatest sufferer of all. On account of her own illness she could not give her the nourishment natural to her, and she could not obtain a nurse

or a drop of milk in the village. As a last expedient, she devised a mode of getting assistance from the mothers of the neighborhood who were nursing children; and having resorted to the old and effective method of influencing the jailers—the giving of gifts—she obtained permission for Mr. Judson to come out of the prison and carry the pitiable creature from door to door, begging milk from maternal breasts. What straits! Parents from an enlightened land, Christian and cultured parents seeking to prolong the existence of their offspring through the “tender mercies” of begrimmed pagan females!

Mrs. Judson now began to think, more than ever before, that “the very afflictions of Job” had come upon her. The cries of her child in the night were heart-rending; she could not supply her wants. When in health she could bear her trials and pass through all vicissitudes with strength of heart, but now, to be sick and disabled from helping dear ones in distress, was almost too much for her to bear. Sometimes the jailers seemed a little softened at the distress they witnessed, and for several days together allowed Mr. Judson to go to the house and spend the hours with his family, which was “an unspeakable consolation” at this particular time. Then, again, as if there were no occasion for compassion, or to make an offset for the special privilege granted, they would be iron-hearted in their demands, and would annoy, extort, and oppress beyond description.

Some time after their arrival at Oung-pen-la the prisoners learned of the object for which they had been sent there, viz.: their sacrifice to the god of war;

probably by fire, according to current belief at the time they were driven away from the Ava prison, and agreeably to their own convictions when they arrived and saw the lack of adequate provision for safe incarceration. The pakan-woon, the new head of the army, an unscrupulous wretch, intended witnessing the horrid scene, but he himself was executed for his treachery to the government, and his diabolical purposes were not carried out. There was universal rejoicing at his death, and the lives of the missionaries were thus spared. Various attempts were made to subdue the English forces, which were marching toward the capital and conquering as they went, but the commanders did not meet with success, and each one in the succession was weakened at heart and in reality by the failures going before. And even the acting King, who had been induced to take command, and in whom great hopes had been reposed, was too cowardly to do so much as to approach the enemy. The Burmese were ready to make terms of peace.

Six months had been passed by the missionaries at Oung-pen-la, when the Providential limit of their stay at that "never-to-be-forgotten place" was reached. An official order came for Mr. Judson's release. It was received in the evening, and on the following morning, with gladness of heart, Mrs. Judson began to prepare for an early departure. What was her surprise at being met by the jailers with an objection to her going. Their avarice had not yet been satisfied, and it was not likely to be, so long as her supply of desirable goods or money should hold out. They claimed that the order did not include her, but she, seeing her opportunity to

assert her rights, found herself amply supplied with the courage to do so; she insisted that she was not a prisoner, and that they had no authority over her. They determined that she should not leave, and forbade the villagers to lend her a cart. Before the dispute ended, Mr. Judson was taken from the prison and brought to the jailer's house, where, by promises and threatenings he gained consent for her to go, on condition that the remainder of the provisions she had recently received from Ava should be left. The concession was more galling than the price paid.

By noon the stricken little family were allowed to depart toward Ava, glad of what appeared to be freedom, yet not knowing what might befall them there. The order for release no doubt included the requisition to report at the capital; because, on reaching Amara-pura, he was conducted to the governor of the city, and by him placed under another guard which conveyed him to the court-house in Ava, at which place he arrived sometime in the night. Mrs. Judson took another course from Amarapura; she obtained a boat and went down the river to her house, reaching it before dark.

The next morning she went in search of Mr. Judson; a course which she must have anticipated, and a pursuit with which she was by no means unacquainted. But what was her mortification on finding him again imprisoned! She followed the thread of investigation with which she was so familiar, going first to her old friend, the governor of the city, who was now holding the rank of a woon-gyee. From him she learned that Mr. Judson was to be sent to the Burmese camp, to

act as a translator and interpreter, and that he was in durance only until his affairs were settled. The next morning she went to the same source of information again, and learned that he had just received twenty ticals from the government, with orders to go immediately on board a boat for Maloun (Mah-looan), and there to act in the above capacity. Hastening back to the house, she had the privilege of welcoming her husband to his family once more; in this case a satisfaction of a character and an intensity rarely experienced in this world.

XV.

Treaty of Peace—DIRE DISTRESS.

He restoreth my soul.—Ps. 23:3.

No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, Thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

MADAME GUYON.

THE joy granted to saints whose cup of affliction is not full, is very brief; and in the case of Mrs. Judson it was attended with active preparation for another separation. She must prepare food and clothing for his future comfort amid the contingencies of army life. He had permission to stop for only a few minutes, when he was hurried away and "crowded into a little boat, where he had not room sufficient to lie down, and where his exposure to the cold, damp nights threw him into a violent fever which had nearly ended all his sufferings. He arrived at Maloun on the third day, where, ill as he was, he was obliged to enter immediately upon the work of translating. He remained at Maloun six weeks, suffering as much as he had at any time in prison, excepting that he was not in irons, nor exposed to the insults of those cruel jailers."

Mrs. Judson, for a little time not advised as to her husband's health, was measurably relieved of the dis-

tressing anxiety she had experienced. Being well aware that the Government officers would too highly appreciate his services to justify them in doing him violence, and that he was coming into a position to be petitioned by them, she turned attention upon herself, as it was necessary she should do. Relaxation of the terrible strain of previous months was naturally followed by such a seeming luxation as to bring out all her ailments and make way for others. Her health declined daily, and ere long she was seized with the spotted fever, "with all its attendant horrors." Knowing the nature of this disease, and the shattered state of her constitution, and being in want of medical assistance, she concluded that it must prove fatal. Yet her solicitude was much abated, on the day she was taken, by the appearance of a Burmese nurse who offered her services for Maria. This provision for the exigency, after repeated failures on her own part to secure such a person, gave her renewed confidence in the God of Providence, and thus fortified her soul for new trials. The fever raged with violence and without intermission; and she contemplated settling all her worldly affairs, entrusting her little daughter to the care of a Portuguese woman, and so be ready for the worst. But while her plans were maturing, her reason failed; she was shut up in deepest darkness, and the tumultuous world went on its way regardless of its imperilled treasure.

At this critical juncture Dr. Price was released from prison, and, hearing of her illness, obtained permission to go and visit her. He undertook to treat the case, afterward testifying that he did not then

think she could survive many hours, and that her situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed. The fever had run for seventeen days, and her head was shaved and blisters were applied to both head and feet; also, the Bengalee servant was instructed to endeavor to persuade her to take a little nourishment, which for several days she had obstinately refused. One of her first recollections, after reason again dawned, was the presence of this faithful nurse at her side, trying to induce her to take a little wine and water. She was so far gone that the Burmese neighbors, who had come in to see her expire, said, "She is dead; and if the King of Angels should come in, he could not recover her."

In Mr. Judson's reminiscences of her dreadful situation, even after the return of consciousness, is found the following statement, couched in the expressive language of Mrs. Emily C. Judson. The description covers his first entrance to his house, after his final release :

With a step more fleet than for the past two years he had practiced, and in spite of the maimed ankles which sometimes almost refused their office, he hurried along the street to his beloved home. The door stood invitingly open, and, without having been seen by any one, he entered. The first object which met his eye was a fat, half-naked Burman woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of coals, and holding on her knees a wan baby, so begrimed with dirt that it did not occur to the father that it could be his own. He gave but one hasty look, and hurried to the next room. Across the foot of the bed, as though she had fallen there, lay a human object, that, at the first glance, was scarcely more recognizable than his child. The face was of a ghastly paleness, the features sharp, and the whole form shrunken almost

to the last degree of emaciation. The glossy black curls had all been shorn from the finely shaped head, which was now covered by a closely-fitting cotton cap, of the coarsest and—unlike anything usually coming in contact with that head—not the cleanest kind. The whole room presented an appearance of the very extreme of wretchedness, more harrowing to the feelings than can be told. There lay the devoted wife, who had followed him so unweariedly from prison to prison, ever alleviating his distresses, without even common hireling attendance. He knew, by the very arrangement of the room, and by the expression of sheer animality on the face of the woman who held his child, that the Bengalee cook had been her only nurse. The wearied sleeper was awakened by a breath that came too near her cheek. Perhaps a falling tear might have been added; for, steady as were those eyes in difficulties, dauntless in dangers, and stern when conscience frowned, they were well used to tender tears.

Mrs. Judson now began to recover slowly, but it was more than a month after the recovery of her reason before she was able to stand. And while in this helpless condition, the servant who had followed Mr. Judson to the Burmese camp came in, and informed her that his master had arrived and had been conducted to the court-house. Thereupon she sent off a Burman to watch the movements of government, and to ascertain, if possible, in what way he was to be disposed of. Returning, he reported that he saw him go out of the palace yard, accompanied by two or three Burmans, who conducted him to one of the prisons, and that it was reported in town that he was to be sent back to Oung-pen-la. She was too weak to bear ill tidings of any kind; "but a shock so dreadful as this," she says, "almost annihilated me. For some time I could hardly breathe, but at last gained suffi-

cient composure to dispatch Moug Ing to our friend, the governor of the north gate, and begged him to make *one more effort* for the release of Mr. Judson, and prevent his being sent back to the country prison, where I knew he must suffer much, as I could not follow. Moug Ing then went in search of Mr. Judson; and it was nearly dark when he found him in the interior of an obscure prison. I had sent food early in the afternoon; but being unable to find him, the bearer had returned with it, which added another pang to my distresses."

While Mrs. Judson was on her feet, whatever the degree of her health, she would follow her husband at all hazards, and always minister to his wants in preference to her own. And she could scarcely acquiesce in circumstances of inability to see him, and to know what his necessity might be. As it was said of him, so it was with her, she could *do* better than she could *endure*. Only her deep piety, her unbounded confidence in Divine Providence, saved her from complaining when she was hedged in and could know of his situation only by hearsay, and the tidings sometimes difficult of interpretation. The present was a time in which she must acquiesce, and in her prostrate condition she had the Everlasting Arm to lean upon, and the consciousness of access to a court from which she would never be spurned. Her very pleadings seemed to bear with them the assurance of answer in some form, and the promises furnished resting to her wearied soul.

It was true that Mr. Judson was ordered back to Oung-pen-la, there being much confusion in the mind

of the presiding officer, just then, as to who he was. When told that he came from that place, he replied, "Let him be returned thither." But Mrs. Judson's old helper, the governor, whose friendship she had gradually and permanently secured, by her lady-like, yet firm diplomacy, came forward with a petition to the high court of the Empire for his release, offering himself as his security; and he prevailed. With Mrs. Judson on the one part, and this old governor, Moungh-shwa-loo, on the other, all movements were made that availed anything toward the amelioration of the prisoners' condition during their long confinement and for their final liberation, and she, in reality, drilled and cultivated him in the practice of court appeals and of humaneness toward the suffering. He was ever afterward a better man for having become acquainted with her, and it would seem that he was superior to his race, as she was to hers. He took Mr. Judson to his own house and treated him kindly, he being in his charge.

Meantime the English were pressing their way northward toward the capital, creating the utmost consternation. And still the Burmese held out, rejecting all the overtures of Sir Archibald Campbell, filled with the conceit that they were the lords of the nations, and believing that they would yet drive the English from the country. They continued in the greatest possible activity, pressing men and beasts into work on the defenses, strengthening the old and erecting new. Whatever buildings were in the way were wantonly torn down, and this destruction included Mr. Judson's house, with his beautiful little

compound, which was turned into a road and a place for the erection of cannon. Mrs. Judson had been removed to the governor's house on the improvement of her health, and, after that knew no more of "house" or home in Ava.

After six weeks of residence with the governor, Mr. Judson was forced to aid in negotiating for peace, a business on which Dr. Price had been dispatched twice, and with whom he was to be associated. The Burmese affairs were in a state of desperation. Excitement ran high, and on the return of the deputation and the announcement of the terms, the government was disappointed and incensed, and it accused the missionaries of not trying to make the terms favorable to the Burmans. They must go again, and they were threatened that they and their families should suffer, unless they made the English give better conditions. In the interval, another desperate general undertook the subjugation of the English, and returned with the usual shame of defeat, and was condemned to be executed on account of it, but was cruelly killed before he could reach the fatal block.

The second attempt at negotiation on Mr. Judson's part (the fourth by Dr. Price, who rather desired the office of mediation), only made matters worse. The English were incensed, and were still threatening the capital by a closer approach. And, added to previous demands, Mr. Judson was commissioned to require the release of all the remaining foreigners who should desire release, of whatever country, and to question them concerning their wishes in the presence of the Burmese government. It was so done, and he had

the happiness to release the very last of his fellow-prisoners.

In the negotiation preceding the last, the British general had authorized Dr. Price to demand Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Maria. When this order was communicated to the King, he replied: "They are not English; they are my people, and shall not go." The answer had some appearance of plausibility, in view of the representations that Mrs. Judson had made from time to time, while a natural jealousy arose on their account. Besides, the King had become impressed as to the importance of such people in his kingdom; especially the value of Mr. Judson's services, who had been in his employ as commissioner and interpreter for three months. Mrs. Judson felt convinced at this time that they never would be released from Ava. But at the final test of the foreigners' desires, before referred to, members of the government placed themselves in the attitude of beggars. They said to Mr. Judson, "You will not leave us; you shall become a great man if you will remain;" and this made it seem possible to go or to stay. Mr. Judson avoided the odium of saying he wished to leave the service of His Majesty, by referring to the order of Sir Archibald Campbell, that whoever desired to depart should be given up; and inasmuch as Mrs. Judson expressed a wish to go, it would be necessary for him to go also. "The prisoners at Oung-pen-la," says Mrs. Judson, "were all released, and either sent to their houses, or down the river to the English; and in two days from the time of Mr. Judson's return, we took an affectionate leave of the good-natured officer who had so long

entertained us at his house, and who now accompanied us to the water-side, and we then left forever the banks of Ava. It was on a cool, moonlight evening, in the month of March, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth." It was in allusion to this departure that Mr. Judson made the characteristic remarks contained in the reminiscences of Mrs. Emily C. Judson :

One evening several persons at our house were repeating anecdotes of what different men in different ages regarded as the highest type of sensuous enjoyment ; that is, enjoyment derived from outward circumstances. "Pooh!" said Mr. Judson ; "these men were not qualified to judge. I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irrawaddy, on a cool, moonlight evening, with your wife by your side and your baby in your arms, free—all free! But *you* cannot understand it, either ; it needs a twenty-one months' qualification, and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery, when I recall that one delicious thrill. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

Mrs. Judson's experience corresponded fully to that of her husband. With a capacity for suffering and for happiness fully equal to his, and for discerning, as well, the transition from one of these states to the other, with its "delicious thrill," she had, likewise, the joy of achievement—a whole series of victories running through the twenty-one months, in which he could be only a passive participator. And the good fight was fought in behalf of a number of persons—prisoners whose only dependence for a gentle and

grateful service was placed in this frail yet mighty woman, who was constantly ill and all the while overwhelmed with domestic cares. She made pagans quail and weep. She reached the end—cowed unreasonable officers, alleviated distress, and continued her ministry of love and heroism until the oppressed were set free.

In harmony with this statement is the following tribute of one of the prisoners, an enterprising English merchant :

Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the government, which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any who knew the *hauteur* and inflexible pride of the Burman court.

And while on this subject, the overflowings of grateful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow-prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane female, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery.

While we were all left by the government destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply. When the tattered state of our clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe. When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, until she was authorized to communicate to us the grateful news of our enlargement, or of a respite from our galling oppressions. Besides all this, it was unquestionably owing, in a chief degree, to the repeated eloquence and forcible appeals of Mrs. Judson, that the untutored Burman was finally made willing to secure the welfare and happiness of his country, by a sincere peace.

To show, further, the self-forgetfulness of Mrs. Judson and the intensity of her application to duty, a sentence from her letter is here quoted: "Sometimes for a moment or two my thoughts would glance toward America, and my beloved friends there; but for nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava."

This is one of the most remarkable statements in missionary annals. Had the contrary been said, no one should have been surprised; for it would have been in keeping with what is known of the human heart, and the environments of one who has gone into a heathen land, in voluntary exile from "friends, connections, happy country." The element of her disposition thus revealed was a saving provision in her mental character, preventing it from giving way at critical junctures. Ever before and ever after the Ava troubles she evinced the most tender, thoughtful regard for friends in America, and this temporary oblivion into which she plunged was to her the means of displaying a power of devotement seldom seen in the history of woman.

The destination of the missionaries, under the terms of peace, was the quarters of the English army. They passed down the Irrawaddy, attended by the flotilla of golden boats, dreading only a possible detention in passing the Burmese camp. Their apprehensions were not without foundation; for the woon-gyee and high officers there wanted to hold them as hostages,

subject to an amicable consummation of the stipulations. But Mr. Judson, conscious of the freedom of which he had been deprived so long, and had but just secured, rose in protest; and after two hours was permitted to pass on. Mrs. Judson, as she says, now felt free, and in the morning, with sensations of supreme delight, "beheld the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life." On reaching that vessel two of the officers of the English army came and congratulated the missionaries on their arrival, and invited them on board, where Mrs. Judson passed the remainder of the day. Mr. Judson went on to army quarters, a few miles farther down the river, and in the evening returned with an invitation from Sir Archibald Campbell to come directly to his quarters. The next morning she was introduced and received with the greatest kindness. The general had a large tent pitched near to his own, for the use of the missionary family, and fed them at his own table. He also recovered all their property that had been wrested from them at Ava, and his hospitality and kind attention to the accommodations for their passage when leaving, left an impression on their hearts that only subjects of sympathy can receive. Mrs. Judson's heart, in particular, overflowed with gratitude for the courtesy and kindness of different officers, causing her to feel that she was still accounted worthy of the respect of mankind; and in the innocence of her soul she "presumed to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than they were during the fortnight they passed at the English camp." That "twenty-one months' qualification"

ought not to be necessary very often in this world, yet it is evident that many need the discipline more than did these missionaries. The final effect was not to make Mrs. Judson a complainer, to sigh for the homes and hills, the society and the churches of New England, but, rather, to cause her to lift up her voice in praise to Him who had preserved and delivered, shouting, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits," and then to turn her face joyfully toward the very work in the prosecution of which all her griefs had arisen. The work was not to cease on account of temporary obstructions, however obstinate and long continued, but the uses of war and the lessons of its miseries and events were to be learned, and its results to be wrought into future missionary plans. As her husband, when lying on the hard boards of the prison-house, contemplated the ultimate consequences of the invasion—the probable opening of the Empire to the Gospel, liberty of conscience, and the taking up, by himself and by others, of the work he had been compelled to drop, and carrying it on to a glorious success—so she, now that she found time for contemplation, looked to nothing but procedure with the enterprise; trusting, as she said, that "the prosperity of the Burman mission (still the dearest object of our hearts) will be promoted by those events which have taken place the last two years." She had fought the good fight, and now she was to finish her course.

The reader will be glad to linger at Yandabo, English headquarters, and learn further as to Mrs. Judson's entertainment there, as revealing her character in other lights:

General Campbell was to give a dinner to the Burmese commissioners, and he chose to make it an affair of some pomp and magnificence. At a given order, almost as by magic, the camp was turned into a scene of festivity, with such a profusion of gold and crimson, and floating banners, as is thought most pleasing to an Oriental eye. When the dinner hour arrived the company marched in couples, to the music of the band, toward the table, led by the general, who walked alone. As they came opposite the tent with the veranda before it (Mr. Judson's), suddenly the music ceased, the whole procession stood still, and while the wondering Burman's turned their eager eyes in every direction, doubtful as to what would be the next act in the little drama, so curious to them as strangers, the general entered the tent. In a moment he reappeared with a lady on his arm—no stranger to the conscious commissioners—whom he led to the table, and seated at his own right hand. The abashed commissioners slid into their seats shrinkingly, where they sat as though transfixed by a mixture of astonishment and fear. "I fancy these gentlemen must be old acquaintances of yours, Mrs. Judson," General Campbell remarked, amused by what he began to suspect, though he did not fully understand it; "and, judging from their appearance, you must have treated them very ill." Mrs. Judson smiled. The Burmans could not understand the remark, but they evidently considered themselves the subject of it, and their faces were blank with consternation.

"What is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard?" pursued Sir Archibald; "he seems to be seized with an ague fit."

"I do not know," answered Mrs. Judson, fixing her eyes on the trembler, with perhaps a mischievous enjoyment of his anxiety, "unless his memory may be too busy. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and may probably infer danger to himself from seeing me under your protection."

She then proceeded to relate how, when her husband was suffering from fever in the stifled air of the inner prison, with five pairs of fetters about his ankles, she had walked several miles to this man's house to ask a favor. She had left home

early in the morning; but was kept waiting so long that it was noonday before she proffered her request, and received a rough refusal. She was turning sorrowfully away, when his attention was attracted by the silk umbrella she carried in her hand, and he instantly seized upon it. It was in vain that she represented the danger of her walking home without it; told him she had brought no money, and could not buy anything to shelter her from the sun; and begged that, if he took that, he would at least furnish her with a paper one, to protect her from the scorching heat. He laughed, and, turning the very suffering that had wasted her, into a jest, told her it was only stout people who were in danger of a sunstroke—the sun could not find such as she; and so turned her from the door.

Expressions of indignation burst from the lips of the listening officers; and try to restrain them as they would, indignant glances did somewhat detract from that high tone of courtesy which it is an Englishman's, and especially an English officer's pride to preserve in all matters of hospitality. The poor Burman, conscience-taught, seemed to understand everything that was passing, and his features were distorted with fear; while his face, from which the perspiration oozed painfully, appeared, through his tawny skin, of a deathly paleness. It was not in a woman's heart to do other than pity him; and Mrs. Judson remarked softly, in Burmese, that he had nothing to fear, and then repeated the remark to Sir Archibald. The conversation immediately became general, and every means was taken to reassure the timorous guests, but with little success. There sat the lady, whom all but one of them had personally treated with indignity, at the right hand of power, and her husband, just released from his chains, close beyond; and they doubtless felt conscious that if they and their lady wives were in such a position they would ask the heads of their enemies, and the request would be granted.

"I never thought I was over and above vindictive," remarked Mr. Judson, when he told the story; "but really it was one of the richest scenes I ever beheld."

A British officer, Major Calder Campbell, describing an adventure in Ava in the year 1826, gives a beautiful and

affecting description of Mrs. Judson. Major Campbell, then a lieutenant, when descending the Irrawaddy river in a canoe manned by Burmans, was attacked in the night, while asleep, by his faithless boatmen, and severely wounded and robbed. When waiting on the beach with much anxiety and distress for the passage of some friendly bark, a row-boat was seen approaching. Signals of distress were made, and a skiff sent to his assistance. The following is the language of the writer:

"We were taken on board. My eyes first rested on the thin, attenuated form of a lady—a white lady! the first white lady I had seen for more than a year! She was standing on the little deck of the row-boat, leaning on the arm of a sickly-looking gentleman with an intellectual cast of countenance, in whom I at once recognized the husband or the brother.

"His dress and bearing pointed him out as a missionary. I have said that I had not beheld a white female for many months; and now the soothing accents of female words fell upon my ears like a household hymn of my youth.

"My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid on a sofa-bed. With what a thankful heart did I breathe forth a blessing on these kind Samaritans! With what a delight did I drink in the mild, gentle sounds of that sweet woman's voice, as she pressed me to recruit my strength with some of that beverage 'which cheers but not inebriates!' She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form appeared almost ethereal. Yet, with much of heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feeling about her, for at her feet rested a babe, a little, wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful glance, was that meek missionary, her husband. Her face was pale, very pale, with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands—those small, lily hands—were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very wan; for, ah! they told of disease—of death—death in all its

transparent grace—when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter. That lady was Mrs. Judson, whose long captivity and severe hardships amongst the Burmese have since been detailed in her published journals.

“I remained two days with them; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson's powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage, their struggles in the cause of religion, and their advantages during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful, energetic simplicity of her language, as well as from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower, as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth.

“Why is it that we grieve to think of the approaching death of the young, the virtuous, the ready? Alas! it is the selfishness of human nature that would keep to itself the purest and sweetest gifts of Heaven, to encounter the blasts and the blights of a world where we *see* them, rather than that they should be transplanted to a happier region, *where we see them not*.

“When I left the kind Judsons, I did so with regret. When I looked my last on her mild, worn countenance, as she issued some instructions to my new set of boatmen, I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived. We parted, and we never met again; nor is it likely that the wounded subaltern was ever again thought of by those who had succored him. Mrs. Judson and her child died soon after the cessation of hostilities.”—*Reminiscences of Conversations, by Mrs. Emily C. Judson.*

XVI.

Amherst—DEATH.

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast pass'd,
To show us what a woman true may be.

J. R. LOWELL.

"How vain are all the trials we meet with here,
If we but feel that a better world is near,
And voices from the lov'd and lost our weary spirits cheer."

"ON the joyful 21st of February, 1826," Mr. Judson and family took leave of Ava. On the 6th of March following, after the treaty of peace and sojourn at Yandabo, they sailed down the Irrawaddy in a British gun-boat. While on the way, they met converts of their former labors, who had been scattered and peeled; stragglers were they, but not deserters of the Cross. The mutual recognition, after the long separation, was clear and joyous. Some had died, some gone into the interior of the country, some were living in boats at Prome. When the new plans for missionary work were told to them, they were ready to rejoin their leaders and go with them to the service.

On March 21st the missionaries arrived at Rangoon, the seat of their first mission, and the scene of early trials and triumphs. They were not surprised, perhaps, to find the little church, the nucleus of the denomination in Burmah, completely wrecked. The

Wades and Houghs, left in charge, had been driven by the war to Calcutta, narrowly escaping with their lives. But though the candlestick had been ruthlessly torn away, the lights it contained were here and there shining in a darkness that comprehended them not. "With the exception of two, none had disgraced their holy profession." One had continued at the mission-house through the whole time.

In forming their plans for the future, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, again the only standard-bearers at Rangoon, found that the circumstances indicated the practicability of a new mission elsewhere. But four of the native Christians could be found, and two of these were the women who had come down with them from Prome, and a third the faithful Moungh Ing, who had been with them from the time they left for Ava, leaving Moungh Shwa-ba, who, "faithful through every adversity, alone dwelt at the mission-house, awaiting the return of the teachers." Besides, the English were certain to vacate Rangoon, and their departure would leave the missionaries again subject to the intolerance of the Burman Power, as they now were to the ravages of famine and beasts of prey.

Mr. Judson was invited by the Civil Commissioner, Mr. Crawford, to aid in selecting the site of a new capital for the ceded provinces; and in accepting he sailed with that officer southward to the mouth of the Salween, and chose the promontory where its waters empty into the sea. "The climate was salubrious, the land high and bold to the seaward, and the view of the distant hills of Ballou Island very captivating." The place was named Amherst, in honor of the Governor-

General of India. At once Mr. Judson determined on this as the location of his mission, and on July 2, 1826, he and Mrs. Judson, with their family and the four native converts above mentioned, gathered at Amherst to begin missionary life anew.

Meanwhile Mr. Judson had been solicited by the English Commissioner, Mr. Crawford, to accompany him on an embassy to the Court at Ava, to aid in negotiating a secondary treaty, relating to commerce. He had complied, though reluctantly, and only after receiving assurance that the Commissioner would use his utmost endeavors to have a clause inserted securing religious toleration, an object to which Mr. Judson still clung, with the utmost solicitude for its accomplishment, but with defeat in this as in former instances. He first accompanied his family to Amherst, since the native converts had already gone there, and it was desirable that Mrs. Judson should be with them, and the new work begin as early as practicable. The family were soon temporarily settled in a house belonging to Captain Fenwick, Civil Superintendent of the place, which was kindly vacated for their accommodation. And within a week from the time of arrival, Mr. Judson was off again for Ava.

With what emotions of horror must Mrs. Judson have contemplated his return to Ava! The war was over, but heathenism remained, and that city was still a habitation of cruelty. And Oung-pen-la was near by, "that never-to-be-forgotten place!" She must have suspected some danger nigh. The British were hated the more for being the conquerors, and it was, doubtless, still a conceit of the Burmans that their own

power was superior to theirs. Why should they not at any moment of supposed advantage prove treacherous to treaties, and strike down any one within their reach who should not contribute to their personal emolument or superstitions? Two years of almost insupportable strain, with frequent and terrible shocks, left her with a mind not pleased by a mention of the Golden City. The joy of a release could not heal a broken, nervous system. She was not to go back to the arena of her sad exploits, but the prisoner for whom she so nearly gave her life was to do so; he never wearied of testing expedients for the readier introduction of the Gospel to the Burman Empire, and was not to be deterred by lions in the way. She acquiesced in his going.

Once more the hero and the heroine of the Burman mission bade each other adieu. A temporary separation was an experience to which they had become accustomed; and they had learned to expect a re-union, even when the absence was greatly protracted. In this instance Mr. Judson was confident that he would be detained only a few months at most, after which he would prosecute the work in his new field with renewed zeal, and perhaps with the joyous consciousness that religious toleration had become a law of the Empire. But the day of parting, the 5th of July, 1826, was the last of their conjugal life together. He proceeded to Rangoon, thence to go on to Ava; she, amid strangers, still in a heathen land and essentially homeless, turned her attention again to the fitting up of a place in which to live and where she might labor for perishing souls. In taking a retro-

spect of her missionary career, she might have exclaimed, as on the Isle of France, thirteen years before, "When shall I find some little spot that I can call my home, while in this world?" Ah, how near was she to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

For more than two months Mrs Judson applied herself, as other duties would admit, to the building of a bamboo house for her family, and also two school-houses. Her little daughter was in declining health, but her own health was declared by her husband to be good, and she was "comfortably situated, happy in being out of the reach of savage oppressors, and animated in prospect of a field of missionary labor opening under the auspices of British protection." The completion of her house was singularly coincident with the writing of her last letter to Mr. Judson. The message, dated September 14, 1826, contains the following cheering, prophetic, affectionate words:

I have this day moved into the new house, and, for the first time since we were broken up at Ava, feel myself at home. The house is large and convenient, and if you were here I should feel quite happy. The native population is increasing very fast, and things wear rather a favorable aspect. Moungr Ing's school has commenced with ten scholars, and more are expected. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where papa is, she always starts up and points towards the sea. The servants behave very well, and I have no trouble about anything but you and Maria. Pray take care of yourself, particularly as it regards the intermittent fever at Ava. May God preserve and bless you, and restore you in safety to your new and old home, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann.

The last half of the month (September) wore away in watchings over her little daughter, whose life hung in the balance, but was for much of the time despaired of. To part with another child, the only one left, and the only ray in the memory of protracted persecution and prison life, would have been to add a poignant pang to previous bereavements. But she was to be spared this sorrow—spared by herself entering upon a life not subject to sorrow nor sighing, nor any pain, the former things having passed away. She was to be taken, Maria to be left. The one of whom Captain Fenwick wrote, October 3d, saying that she was “extremely well,” hastened her departure to the future world; while the one who hovered, as a birdling, about the maternal nest, with scarcely enough vitality to poise herself or to maintain her hold for an instant, remained for a time in the vacant home. The nurse, by too close attendance on the patient, became the greater patient, and drew to herself the deepest solicitude of the household and friends. Soon after the above flattering report was rendered, Mrs. Judson was taken with fever. “The shocks which her constitution had received from previous attacks of disease, and during the scenes at Ava, rendered her incapable of withstanding the violence of this last attack.” On the 18th of October the hope was expressed that she would again and soon be quite well, as the fever had not yet been so severe as to reduce her. Her care of her child had been rewarded by a most favorable change of its condition, after which it “improved wonderfully;” and thus for the moment the cloud on her home began to part asunder.

But the time of trial appointed to Mrs. Judson had nearly reached its limit, and it was not to be extended by human love and sympathy. Mother and child revived and awakened to mutual recognition and embrace, before the parting came. From the first of this sickness Mrs. Judson felt a strong presentiment that she should not recover, yet nothing was spared that could be provided by physician and friends to avert the sad result. Captain Fenwick procured her the services of a European woman, of the English army, who, with others, gave her the most assiduous attention, because, added to the humaneness required, none felt that one so important to society, as well as indispensable to the mission, and emphatically a helpmeet to her husband, could possibly be spared. Still no one could do more than to comfort her in her sufferings and smooth the passage to the grave. On the 20th the physician began seriously to suspect danger. Before that period the fever had abated at intervals, but now it baffled all medical skill. "On the morning of the 23d she spoke for the last time. The disease had then completed its conquest, and from that time up to the moment of dissolution, she lay nearly motionless and apparently quite insensible." For some days her head had been much affected, and she said but little. Sometimes she moaned thus: "The teacher is long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming. I must die alone, and leave my little one. But as it is the will of God, I acquiesce in His will. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher that the disease was most violent, and I could not write; tell him how I suffered

and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of the house and things until he returns." Mr. Judson, on his return, gathered the following, also: "When she was unable to notice anything else, she would still call the child to her, and charge the nurse to be kind to it, and indulge it in everything, until its father should return. The last day or two she lay almost senseless and motionless, on one side—her head reclining on her arm, her eyes closed—and at eight in the evening, with one exclamation of distress, in the Burman language, she ceased to breathe."

This sorrowful event occurred October 24, 1826; a day that soon would have been entered in the Baptist Calendar as a Saint's Day, had a list been compatible with the Christian faith. It stands first in the mortuary register of distinguished Baptist servants on the foreign field, who went from American shores, and no similar death has yet occurred to detract from the illustrious precedence of her who was the subject of it, and who triumphed over it. Her career marked the beginning of a new era of usefulness to American Baptist women. The date and place of her birth, as also the time and place of her death and burial, are memorialized in an ever-increasing number of Christian hearts the world over. No writer on the history of missions, and scarcely a biographer of eminent characters, would leave out her name and hope to obtain a verdict for competency.

It cannot be doubted that one cause of Mrs. Judson's death was overdoing, made necessary by the dreadful circumstances attending her husband's imprisonment, together with the supervening effect of

the climate on her debilitated constitution. Mr. Judson wrote to friends, concerning that part of her experience :

You ask many questions in A.'s letter about our sufferings at Ava; but how can I answer them now? There would be some pleasure in reviewing those scenes if she were alive; but now I cannot. The only pleasant reflection—the only one that assuages the anguish of retrospection—is, that she now rests far away, where no spotted-faced executioner can fill her heart with terror; where no unfeeling magistrate can extort the scanty pittance which she had preserved through every risk to sustain her fettered husband and famishing babe; no more exposed to lie on a bed of languishment, and stung with the uncertainty, what would become of her poor husband and child when she was gone.

Again :

Oh, with what meekness, patience, magnanimity and Christian fortitude she bore those sufferings! And can I wish they had been less? Can I sacrilegiously wish to rob her crown of a single gem? Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world; and eminently was she qualified to relish and enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered.

As it has been intimated, Mrs. Judson, on first being attacked with fever, was persuaded that she should not recover. However, her mind was uniformly tranquil and happy in the prospect of death. "She only expressed occasional regret at leaving her child, the native Christians, and the schools, before her husband or another missionary family could arrive." Her "ruling passion," the salvation of Burmah, was strong in death. How touching the circumstance that her final utterance on earth was made in the tongue of the poor benighted Burman, whose cause she had es-

poused, and at whose hands she may be said to have suffered and died! Ungrateful, wicked hands virtually had crucified and slain her. And though through ignorance they may have done this, yet it is evident that there was a consciousness of sin in the doing, and that conscience was not utterly dethroned in their natures. The case of the Belshazzar at Sir Archibald's feast, at Yandabo, who trembled at his interpretation of the handwriting in her meek, forgiving, and triumphant countenance, shows how conscience still had the power to make cowards of them all. Those who had been converted were susceptible to the appeal of so gentle and beneficent a ministry as hers, and they could respond, in their rude way, by a grateful and loving service; and there have not appeared in any land truer disciples and friends than those she gathered about her.

To illustrate the last statement, let the reader recall the case of Moungh Ing, who went with her from Rangoon to Ava, and abode with her through all those fiery trials, aiding her in every way, and with hazard to himself, and who came back with the family, and at her death was still with them, as a teacher; the instance of devotion on the part of Mah-men-la and her sister, Mah Doke, who came with them from Prome; of Moungh Shwa-ba, who staid at the mission-house at Rangoon while the tragedy of Ava and Oung-pen-la was being enacted, and until the missionaries returned; even of Moungh Shwa-gnong, naturally weak at heart but made strong by divine grace, honoring his profession to the last; and those native Christians at Amherst who came out to meet Mr. Judson on his return to his desolated home, and when they saw him, began

to weep. The instances of gratitude and love may be thought to have been few, but those of the opposite character were much fewer. And thus it has been to the present day.

The little society of English residents at Amherst partook of the sorrow pervading the community of natives, and in a degree by so much greater as they were better qualified to appreciate Mrs. Judson's worth. And their expressions were not made as a diplomatic or martial formality, but as sincere personal testimony, given, to some extent, among themselves. Thus, one writes to a friend in Rangoon, with a view to reaching Mr. Judson with the news of her death, indirectly :

I trust that you will be able to find means to inform our friend of the dreadful loss he has suffered. Mrs. Judson had slight attacks of fever from the 8th to the 9th inst., but we had no reason to apprehend the fatal result. I saw her on the 18th, and at that time she was free from fever, scarcely, if at all, reduced. I was obliged to go up the country on a sudden business, and did not hear of her danger until my return on the 24th; on which day she breathed her last, at 8 p. m. I shall not attempt to give you an account of the gloom which the death of this most amiable woman has thrown over our small society. You, who were so well acquainted with her, must feel her loss more deeply; but we had just known her long enough to value her acquaintance as a blessing in this remote corner. I dread the effect it will have on poor Judson. I am sure you will take every care that this mournful intelligence may be opened to him as carefully as possible.

Sir Archibald Campbell writes to the envoy: "Poor Judson will be dreadfully distressed at the loss of his good and amiable wife. She died the other day at Amherst, of remittent fever, eighteen days ill."

The Assistant Superintendent of Amherst writes Mr. Judson direct, detailing the circumstances of her illness, adding :

On the morning of the 23d Mrs. Judson spoke for the last time. The disease had then completed its conquest, and from that time, up to the moment of dissolution, she lay nearly motionless, and apparently quite insensible. Yesterday morning I assisted in the last melancholy office of putting her mortal remains in the coffin ; and in the evening her funeral was attended by all the European officers now resident here. We have buried her near the spot where she first landed ; and I have put up a small, rude fence around the grave to protect it from incautious intrusion.

The honors bestowed at her funeral, and the tenderness with which her remains were interred, and her grave protected, show that those English officers entertained toward her some higher sentiment than that of personal or ethnic courtesy. And turning to the inner circle of all, the public are permitted to know how the bereavement affected the heart of him who uniformly made but a modest and partial expression of the trials he endured, and who ever felt that no discipline was too severe for him ; such revealment coming from the heart that had most experience of good through her life and of grief in her death. Mr. Judson writes, while yet at Ava :

The news of the death of my beloved wife has not only thrown a gloom over all my future prospects, but has forever embittered my recollections of the present journey, in consequence of which I have been absent from her dying bed, and prevented from affording the spiritual comfort which her lonely circumstances peculiarly required, and of contributing to avert the fatal catastrophe which has deprived me of one of the first of women, the best of wives.

And Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, from the view-point of one having entered into the inheritance of her priceless memory, says :

The hands so full of holy endeavors were destined to be suddenly folded for rest. She died apart from him to whom she had given her heart in her girlhood, whose footsteps she had faithfully followed for fourteen years, over land and sea, through trackless jungles and strange, crowded cities, sharing his studies and privations, illumining his hours of gloom with her beaming presence, and with a heroism and fidelity unparalleled in the annals of missions, soothing the sufferings of his imprisonment. He whom she had thus loved, and who, from his experience of Indian fever, might have been able to avert the fatal stroke, was far away in Ava. No missionary was with her when she died, to speak words of Christian consolation. The Burman converts, like children, gathered helplessly and broken-heartedly about their *white mamma*. The hands of strangers smoothed her dying pillow, and their ears received her last faint, wandering utterances. Under such auspices as these her white-winged spirit took its flight to the brighter scenes of the New Jerusalem.

The *Calcutta Review*, of 1848, more than twenty years after her career was ended, gave a tribute to her character which shows the verdict of a later time, as rendered by a leading periodical of a neighboring kingdom, viz. :

Of Mrs. Judson little is known in the noisy world. Few, comparatively, are acquainted with her name, few with her actions, but if any woman, since the first arrival of the white strangers on the shores of India, has, on that great theatre of war, stretching between the mouth of the Irrawaddy and the borders of the Hindoo Kush, rightly earned for herself the title of a heroine, Mrs. Judson has, by her doings and sufferings, fairly earned the distinction—a distinction, be it said, which her true woman's nature would have very little

appreciated. Still it is right that she should be honored by the world. Her sufferings were far more unendurable, her heroism far more noble than any which in more recent times have been so much pitied and so much applauded; but she was a simple missionary's wife, an American by birth, and she told her tale with an artless modesty—writing only what it became her to write, treating only of matters that became a woman. Her captivity, if so it can be called, was voluntarily endured. She of her own free will shared the sufferings of her husband, taking to herself no credit for anything she did; putting her trust in God, and praying to Him to strengthen her human weakness. She was spared to breathe once again the free air of liberty, but her troubles had done the work of death on her delicate frame, and she was soon translated to heaven. She was the real heroine. The annals in the East present us with no parallel.

The cloud still hung heavy over the humble home at Amherst. "Poor little Maria is still feeble," wrote Mrs. Judson, in her last letter to her husband. Mr. Judson was still at Ava, and dependent now for information on such friends in the British army as might feel compassionate and sympathetic toward him; and they, with a tenderness that tempered their judgment, sought to modify their tidings with favorable statements. Mrs. Judson's condition was represented in the best possible light, until the end came; and then one said to another, "I trust that you will be able to find means to inform our friend of the dreadful loss he has suffered." A similar course was pursued respecting the daughter. And presently, when the letter bearing the black seal had been forwarded, it was handed to him with the misleading but perhaps well-intended remark of the bearer that he was sorry to inform him of the death of his child. He went to

his room to read the message, grateful that the worst possible had not come, but only to be painfully astonished by the intelligence that it was the mother and not the child, of which he had been bereaved.

Little Maria lingered on. In about one month after her mother's death, Mr. and Mrs. Wade arrived from America—they being the recruits to the mission that the dying saint thought were “long in coming”—and they occupied the home of the deceased and took full charge of her child. After an absence of nearly eight months Mr. Judson returned to Amherst and went to the house built and then left desolate by his beloved Ann. Mr. Wade met him at the landing place, and as they proceeded toward the house “one and another of the native Christians came out, and when they saw him they began to weep”; weep for him and for themselves, as a sense of the desolation settled down upon them. As he entered the home—“old and new,” with the most that made it “old” forever gone, and with little there to make it seem a home at all—he saw in the arms of Mrs. Wade “a puny child, who could not recognize her weeping father, and from whose infant mind had long been erased all recollections of the mother who loved her so much.” She turned from him in alarm, and he, obliged to seek comfort elsewhere, went away to the grave where “the hopes of earth were laid,” and thence to the house in which her father and mother had exchanged the parting kiss, and looked at the spot where they last knelt in prayer. An only child remained to him now, and she a fast fading flower.

Time sped along, and as it flew it "winged away" the spirit of poor, suffering Maria. The complaint, to which she was subject for several months, proved incurable; and on April 24, 1827, just six months after her mother departed, she followed her in death, aged two years and three months. The event is made the subject of a letter by Mr. Judson to her grandmother Hasseltine, in which appear these pathetic words:

We then closed her faded eyes, and bound up her discolored lips, where the dark touch of death first appeared, and folded her little hands—the exact pattern of her mother's—on her cold breast. The next morning we made her last bed in the small inclosure that surrounds her mother's lonely grave. Together they rest in hope, under the hope tree (Hopia), which stands at the head of the graves; and together, I trust, their spirits are rejoicing, after a short separation of precisely six months.

Thus I am left alone in the wide world. My father's family and all my relatives have been, for many years, separated from me by seas that I shall never repass. They are the same to me as if buried. My own dear family I have actually buried; one in Rangoon and two in Amherst. What remains for me but to hold myself in readiness to follow the dear departed?

Rev. George D. Boardman, who had then just arrived from America to enter on his short but distinguished career as a missionary, was present at this event, and with his own hands made a coffin, and also made the preparations for the funeral. The remains were mournfully, tenderly borne away to the sheltering Hopia, which could be seen from the room in which the mother breathed her last; and after their return from the grave, Mr. Boardman and Mr. Judson had a delightful conversation on the divine goodness,

during which the latter "seemed carried above his grief."

Mrs. Boardman wrote a pathetic poem on the death of Maria, in which occur the following lines:

Ah! this is Death, my innocent; 'tis he
Whose chilling hand has touched thy tender frame.

* * * * *

And would'st thou seek thy mother in the grave?
(For 'tis the grave I speak of)—*there* is rest—
And thou art weary, love, and need'st repose.
Though short thy life, full many a day of pain,
And night of restlessness, has been thy lot.
Born in a heathen land—far, far remov'd
From all thy parents loved in former years—
When thou first saw'st the light, these were not there
To kneel beside thy mother, and implore
Blessings upon thy little head, and sing
The song of gratitude, and joy, and praise.
Strangers were there; strangers to truth and peace;
Strangers to feeling; strangers to her God.
Thy father came not then to kiss his babe,
And glad'n the heart of her who gave thee birth.

* * * * *

But all is over now. She sweetly sleeps
In yonder new-made grave; and thou, sweet babe,
Shalt soon be softly pillowed on her breast.

XVII.

The Outlook.

"One soweth and another reapeth."

There lies no desert in the land of life,
For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
Labor'd of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rife.

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

HAVING reached the prescribed limits of this biography, the author asks the reader to decide whether, in his judgment, the criticisms mentioned in the first chapter are deserving of his approval. In a rational view of human relations, and of the law of charity, can it be said that a missionary life in any part of the world is a sacrifice to a false idea or to an unnecessary service? With a full conception of the supreme value of elevated character, can it be maintained that such character, when cast as leaven among the degraded masses of earth, is not devoted to its highest uses? And, notwithstanding the expensiveness of intellectual acquirements, will it be assumed that their devotion to such portions of the human race as more especially need their uplifting power, is a waste of precious ointment?

It is scarcely just to require immediate, visible results as a proof of usefulness; and it is not essential

to the support of faith that a laborer for God should gather sheaves from his own sowing. This remark is the more forcible as touching pioneer work; and all missionary labor is pioneering in its nature. The Judsons and their co-laborers did the preparatory work. They opened parts of heathendom to the Gospel of Christ, and prepared much of the means for its full introduction; and this was enough for one generation of workers, entitling them to the praises of earth and the benediction of Heaven.

When Mrs. Judson went to rest, the work in Burmah seemed as yet unorganized. Over fourteen years had passed since the first missionaries, herself one of the number, left their native shore to undertake its inauguration, and a few scattered converts alone represented its visible fruits. And yet influences had been started which were manifestly approved of God, and which, therefore, were in His keeping and under His guidance. Mrs. Judson left her work as hopefully as she began it. The little bamboo school houses she built at Amherst, just before her death, proved that she possessed a faith that would not shrink, though pressed by every foe. The impress of her faith continued with the native Christians, and if they ever thought of surrendering the work the evidence has not appeared. In the darkest hours they have thought of nothing but procedure. Whenever the teachers have embarked for their native land, in broken health, they have remained faithful, ever straining their eyes seaward in expectation and longing for their return.

Mrs. Judson's intellectual ability had but little opportunity for improvement, amid her hardships, yet

her successes in circumstances under which refined women had never been tested, proved the existence of talents of a superior order. Her literary work was excellent, and it might have been greatly increased had there been less occasion for the development of the heroic elements of her nature. While at Rangoon, carrying on her studies, she prepared a catechism which has been found serviceable to this day. Mrs. Ingalls says that "it is taught to every child in the Burman mission schools." And Rev. F. S. Dobbins, a specialist in mission-field knowledge, says that "Mrs. Ann H. Judson was the first to make any effort for the christianizing of the Siamese; her first attempt was in translating a catechism, which Mr. Judson had prepared, into the Siamese, in 1818." It was the first Christian book printed in that language. From this primary but effective impulse the work has proceeded there for more than sixty years, and the results are on record, both in earth and in heaven.

More than sixty years have passed away since Mrs. Judson left her work for her everlasting rest. She seems to have been one of the number called to fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ; and, consequently, the work she began has amplified in the hands of those following her, and the fruits have continued to appear year by year, and with large annual increase. To a recent date, here and there an aged saint was found by the Irrawaddy or the Salwen who would testify with beaming face to the *white mamma* who once appeared in that region of cruelty, and taught the religion of peace and love. Mrs. Ingalls, in a tract entitled "A Golden Sheaf from

the Judsons' work at Ava," gives the beautiful story of Mah-Po, the "Taling maiden," who was alive at the time the tract was produced, a few years ago. She and others mentioned therein compose the "golden sheaf," late-ripe for the heavenly garner, which was provided for in teachings amid the scenes of the death-prison. One voices the feeling of all: "Those words were not wasted upon us, for we lost confidence in the idols; our hearts never revered them as gods, and it was only fear of the rulers which ever made us go to the temples. We had a secret feeling that this was the true way, and now we are full of joy."

Mrs. Ingalls further says:

"Years ago we read in Mrs. Judson's letters of their sufferings in Ava; and, while we were thankful for the records, we have longed to lift the veil from the past and know more of her own friendless life there. It has been my fortune to find a leaf telling of the past; and, as a few more years will obliterate these records, I have told you of one who braved the displeasure of the Golden-faced, and carried food to our Ann H. Judson. You may not take her by the hand, but you may look upon her picture (given in the tract); and perhaps you will pray that she, too, may have friends in her time of need."

The modest tribute of this excellent missionary, one of those favored with the privilege of entering into the labors of Mrs. Judson, in the Burmese Department, serves to verify the prophetic words of Prof. Knowles, spoken some sixty years ago, when all the converts in heathendom, taken together, were a little flock. He says, in closing his Memoir: "Her name will be remembered in the churches of Burmah, in future times, when the pagodas of Gaudama shall have fallen; when the spires of Christian temples shall gleam along the

waters of the Irrawaddy and the Salwen; and when the 'golden city' shall have lifted up her gates to let the King of Glory in."

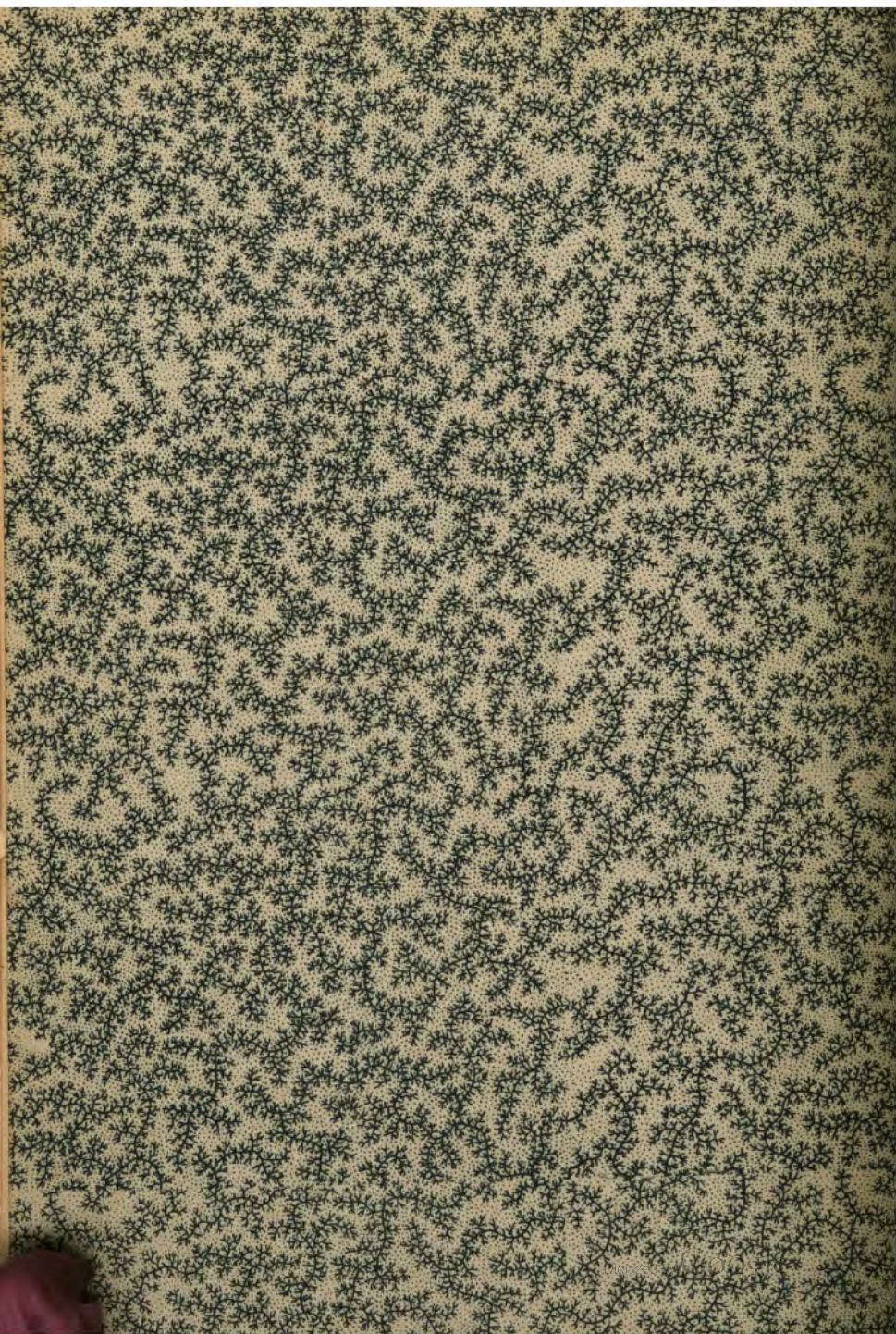
Add to this the firm, rational prediction of Mr. Judson, and consider its rapidly progressive fulfillment, and there is at hand a triumphant verdict on the sacrifice that Mrs. Judson and others made, which puts to silence the cavils of unbelieving and faint-hearted men: "*About one or two hundred years hence, the religion of Boodh, of Brahma, of Mahomet, and of Rome, together with all other false religions, will disappear and be lost, and the religion of Christ will pervade the whole world.*"

Rest! Rest!—the Hopia tree is green,
And proudly waves its leafy screen
Thy lowly bed above;
And by thy side, no more to weep,
Thine infant shares the gentle sleep,
Thy youngest bud of love.

How oft its feeble wailing cry
Detain'd unseal'd thy watchful eye,
And pained that parting hour,
When pallid death, with stealthy tread,
Descried thee on thy fever-bed,
And proved his fatal power.

Ah! do I see with faded charm,
Thy head reclining on thine arm,
The Teacher far away?
But now, thy mission-labors o'er,
Rest, weary clay, to wake no more,
Till the Great Rising-day.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



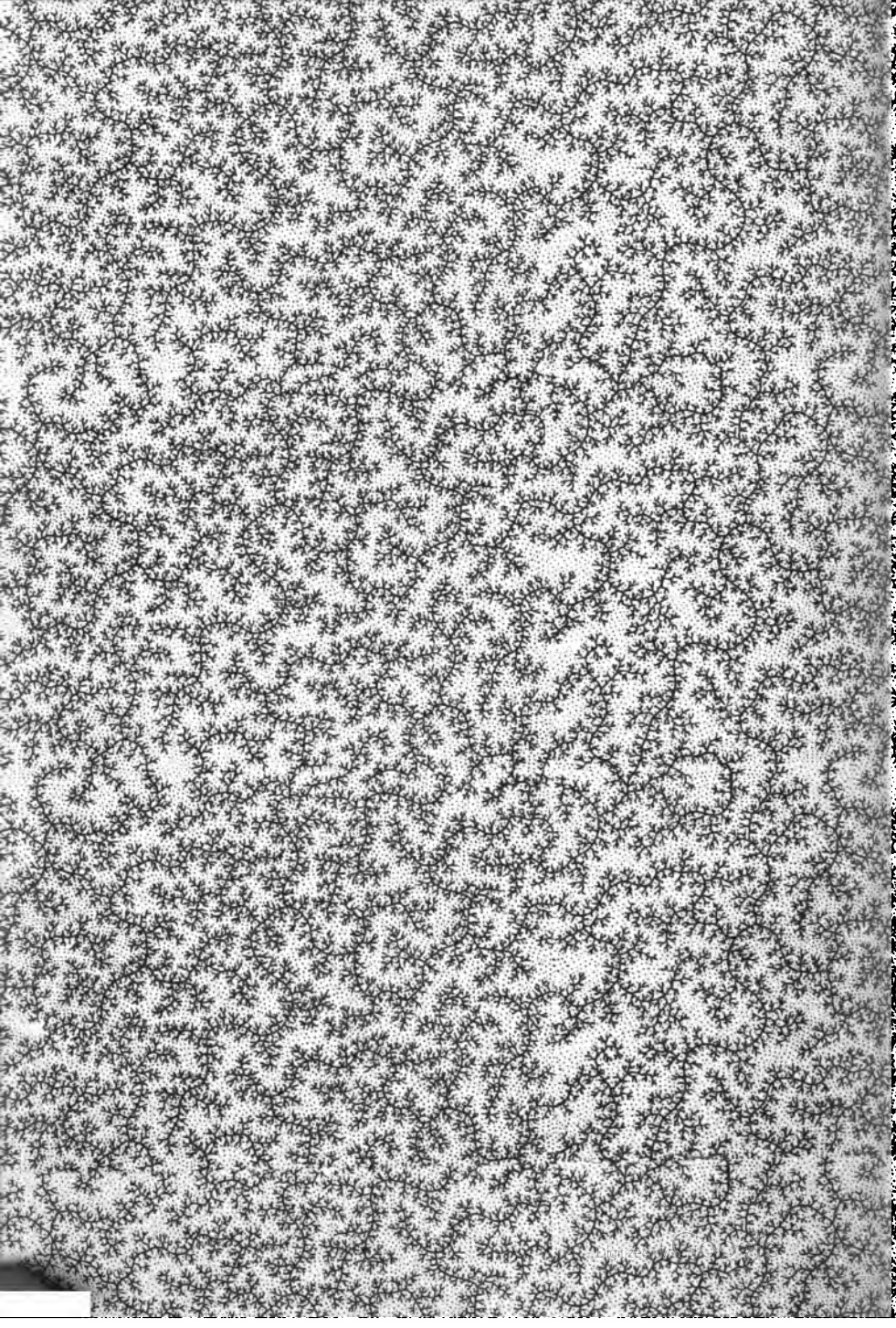
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